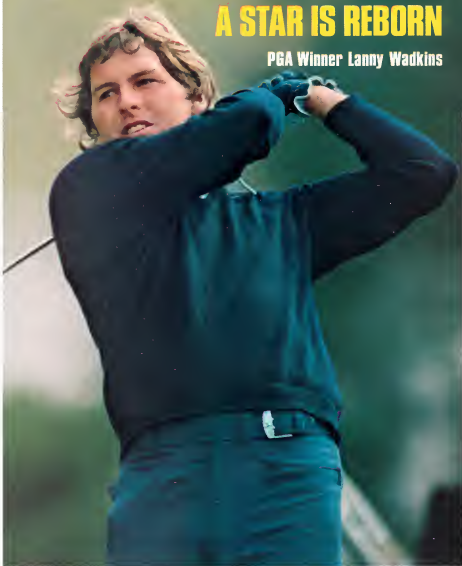


Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 22, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

A STAR IS REBORN

PGA Winner Lanny Wadkins



**The natural cigarette
is here!**

Real

**Taste your first low tar cigarette
with nothing artificial added.**

Your cigarette enhances its flavor
artificially. All major brands do.
New Real does not. It doesn't need to.

We've discovered the way to keep
natural taste in, artificial out.

All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

Of course Real's menthol is fresh,
natural. Not synthetic.

You get a rich, satisfying smoke.

Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste.

So taste your first low tar natural
cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.



© 1977 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

WHY CONNECTICUT IS A GOOD STATE TO GET SICK IN.

A couple of years ago, the rise in Connecticut's hospital costs was running along at the national average.

Today, it's significantly below the national average.



No, people in Connecticut didn't stop getting sick. Nor did hospitals start giving away services or reducing the quality of care.

The big difference is that Connecticut instituted a commission to contain hospital costs.

The facts show that it is working.

Over \$50,000,000 have been saved since 1973.

At the same time the rate of increase was slowing, Connecticut patients saw no loss of ser-

vices or their own freedom in choosing a particular hospital or clinic.

Maryland and Massachusetts have seen encouraging results doing what Connecticut did.

Perhaps you'd like some more detailed information on Connecticut's experience. Just write our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115. Or dial, toll-free, 800-243-0191. In Connecticut, call collect, 277-6565.

By keeping hospital costs a little more in line, you know, the people in Connecticut have made their state a pretty nice place to get well in, too.



THE TRAVELERS

Raising our voice, not just our rates.

Stress can rob you of vitamins



Stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble vitamins.

Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by stress, your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your usual daily meals provide. During times of continued stress—when your body may be affected in many ways—a vitamin deficiency can develop.

What is stress. Severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any condition that places an unusual demand upon your body constitutes stress and may cause B and C vitamin depletion, if the diet is inadequate.

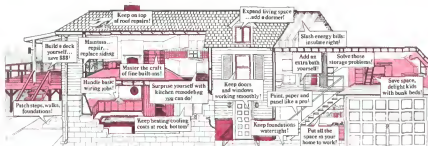
Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins.

STRESSTABS 600 has a single purpose: to help you correct a B complex and C vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg. of vitamin C, and B-complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS 600 can help restore your supply of these water-soluble vitamins and help maintain good nutritional balance. STRESSTABS 600 also contains the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of Vitamin E. Also available: STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

Talk to the experts about

STRESSTABS 600. Ask your doctor and pharmacist what they think of this different brand of vitamin. Available, without a prescription, at your drug stores in bottles of 60 tablets or trial bottles of 30. STRESSTABS 600 can't eliminate stress, but it can help you to maintain the nutritional balance you need.

STRESSTABS 600 and STRESSTABS 600 with Iron are products of Lederle Laboratories.



Now, America's outstanding "how-to" publisher introduces a series that can help you save hundreds of dollars a year!

**TIME
LIFE
BOOKS**

presents HOME REPAIR AND IMPROVEMENT

Get the introductory volume for FREE 15-day trial

With money as tight as it is, who can afford to spend \$15 to replace a 15-cent washer \$50 for installing a simple electrical outlet \$400 for repairing a water-damaged ceiling? Yet these prices are typical of the outrageous costs of home repairs and improvements today.

The way out, of course, is to do it yourself. And it isn't all that hard when you really know how. Now there's a series that shows you: TIME-LIFE BOOKS' HOME REPAIR AND IMPROVEMENT. These books are lavishly illustrated with drawings so clear they almost take you by the hand and do the job with you. The instructions will

guide you point by point, from start to finish. And this guidance is really authoritative, relayed to you by the expert Editors of TIME-LIFE Books from specialists in every area of home repair and improvement.

Volume by volume, the series will give you a practical, working knowledge of *Paint and Wallpaper, Basic Wiring, Plumbing, Working with Wood, Masonry, Roofs and Siding, Weatherproofing* and much more. You'll have the know-how you need to deal with virtually every type of repair job that could come up in your home. You'll know which to tackle yourself and when it would be wiser (and cheaper, in the long run) to call in a pro. As for home improvements, the books will give you hundreds of exciting new ideas, plus the detailed drawings, lists of supplies and

tools required, and instructions you need to put them to use.

Take a look at the introductory volume, free...

Basic Wiring clearly explains your home electrical system. Detailed, easy-to-follow instructions show you how to make good, safe connections... how to run wiring through walls and ceilings... how to install new outlets, dimmer switches, doorbells, recessed lights... how to run outdoor cable underground... much more! You get the know-how you need to take the mystery out of home wiring. See for yourself — we'll send you *Basic Wiring* to examine and use for 15 days without cost. Details are in the order form. Mail it to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS

Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Yes I would like to examine *Basic Wiring* and my free booklet, *The Home Test Kit*. Please send them to me for 15 days free examination and enter my subscription to the *Time-Life Home Repair and Improvement* series. If I decide to keep *Basic Wiring* I will pay \$6.95 plus shipping and handling and *The Home Test Kit* is mine to keep at no extra cost. I then will receive future volumes in the *Time-Life Home Repair and Improvement* series, shipped at volume at a time approximately every other month. Each volume is \$6.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 15-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you. If I do not choose to keep *Basic Wiring*, I will return it and the money for it. If within 15 days, my reservation for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Ms. ☐
 (Please Print) _____
 Address _____ Apt. _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

LOOK AT HOW MUCH YOU CAN SAVE ON LABOR COSTS

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| Replace a 15-cent faucet washer | SAVE \$ 15 |
| Repair a water-damaged bedroom ceiling | SAVE \$400 |
| Install a simple electrical outlet | SAVE \$ 50 |
| Reshingle the garage roof
(Imagine how much you can save by doing the roof of your house!) | SAVE \$300 |
| Lay a new vinyl floor in the kitchen | SAVE \$200 |
| Build an 18' x 18' deck overlooking the back yard | SAVE \$580 |

(Figures are based on activities in metropolitan areas. Labor and material costs vary by area, but you can always save when you do it yourself!)



Among the volumes

- 128 pages of valuable know-how in each volume
- Diagrams, photos, step-by-step reproductions
- Handy, handbound — for long, easy use

BASIC WIRING

How to wire for safety
wiring systems
lighting and power
wiring

Do your own brickwork and masonry repairs



Handle basic wiring jobs



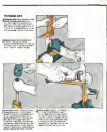
Do your own remodeling



How to paint, paper and panel

Yours FREE with BASIC WIRING

What constitutes the well-balanced tool kit? How many hammers do you need? Screwdrivers? How to get the longest wear from saws, files, chisels, rasps? From key factors to consider when buying a tool to general tool maintenance — it's all covered in *The Home Tool Kit*, a valuable booklet free with purchase of *Basic Wiring*.



Famous Time-Life "here's how" pictures help you do jobs right, from planning to finish.



Whether you're a beginner or veteran handyman, crystal-clear text, drawings, charts, color-coded diagrams help develop or enlarge skills. You'll be surprised at how "tough" jobs are made easy.



Know how you need to tackle remodeling jobs in any area of the house.

NEW TASTE! 100% VIRGIN TOBACCO

**TASTE NEW LOW "TAR"
L&M LIGHTS!**

The only cigarette made
with just the tender
"filet" of 100% virgin
all-leaf tobacco.

- No tobacco by-products.
- No reconstituted tobacco.
- No added stems.

**REALLY REAL TASTE.
ONLY 8MG. "TAR"**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Flavor Lights, Long Lights, 8 mg. "tar",
0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH FLEGGE

BOTTOM DOLLAR

New York politicians have been whiling away the dog days of summer nattering about what a fine thing it would be if the 1984 Summer Olympics were held in New York City. They have raved about the psychological boon the Games would be to the people and the financial boon they would be to the economy and the obvious boon they would be to the construction industry. Not once have they mentioned any benefit that would accrue to the Games from being played in New York. It may be going too far to say that a politician would not know a balance beam from a basketball, but it is safe to say the appreciation of New York's politicians for the Olympic tradition is primitive at best.

Finally, however, one of them has raised his voice, if not in behalf of brotherhood and pure sport, at least on the side of reason. Congressman Herman Badillo, one of six candidates in the Democratic Party's primary for Mayor Abe Beame's job, called a press conference last week and told the five reporters who showed up that to bring the Olympics to New York would be a "joke," that "this is not the time for bread and circuses in our deeply troubled city" and that "it's hard enough to get money [from Congress] without squandering it."

Not many cities, least of all New York, are in easy enough circumstances these days to contemplate a fling of Olympic dimensions. If any of Badillo's colleagues need reminding of what is entailed in playing host to the Games and how many things can go wrong and what can happen to unrealistic financial forecasts, they need only address a query to Jean Drapeau, l'Hôtel de Ville, Montreal. Beiser include a self-addressed, stamped envelope, however, Montreal may not be able to afford the postage.

PATRIOTISM

If a pro football better were shipwrecked on a desert island with no information available to him beyond this season's

NFL schedule and last season's won-lost records, and if, in spite of this handicap, he were planning to get his bets off to his bookie—by bottle, presumably—he could do worse than to jump on the New England Patriots as the year's surest thing.

Based on the 1976 record of their opposition, the 1977 Patriots will play the NFL's easiest schedule. The won-lost record of the Pats' opponents is 52-88, a .371 percentage. That is 200 percentage points lower than the winning percentage of the teams facing Kansas City (88-66, .571), which has the toughest schedule. Only three times all season will the Patriots have to play a team that had a winning record last year.

By the same reasoning, division titles would go to the Pats (of course), Cincinnati and Oakland in the American Conference, and to Washington, Chicago and, get this, New Orleans, in the National.

The system isn't foolproof, but desert islanders can't be choosy.

WINNER LOSE ALL

Rumor has it that John Brodie, a scratch golfer who quarterbacked the San Francisco 49ers in the off season for 17 years, lost a lot of money at golf recently, some of his own and some of the people who backed him.

The bet was that Brodie could shoot 85 or better at the Lake Merced Golf and Country Club in San Francisco, playing the worse of two balls. If one of his tee shots ended up in the fairway and the other behind a tree, he had to play the one behind the tree. If he sank a long putt, he had to do it again from the same spot. He might have won all bets, except that the wind came up, as it is wont to do in that part of the world.

One version of the story has it that Brodie won the bet the first time around but, unable to resist a second try with the stakes doubled, he lost it all.

The other version is even better. Brodie, having shot a 50 on the front nine

and anxious to cut his losses, bet as much as he could that he would shoot 45 on the back nine. And he did it, but only after sinking two 12-foot putts on the 18th green.

MONKEY SAY, MONKEY SEE

Abandon hope, all ye who think if you glare at your TV screen long enough Howard Cosell will go away. Three scholarly researchers from the University of Massachusetts and Indiana University—Paul Comisky, Jennings Bryant and Dolf Zillmann by name—have published the results of a study they made of sports commentary and its influence on the television viewer's perception of the game he is watching.

For their study the researchers used two 12-minute videotaped segments of a Boston Bruin vs. Detroit Red Wing hockey game at Olympic Stadium in Detroit last season, one segment with a normal amount of rough action (three incidents of "hard hitting") and one with an unusual amount of rough action (11 inci-



dents), plus the commentary as it was broadcast by the Boston Bruins' Net work. The researchers discovered that their subjects, 139 UMass undergraduates, were considerably more influenced by what they heard from the lips of the announcers than they were by what they actually saw.

During the normal-action segment, say Comisky, Bryant and Zillmann, the announcers had taken pains to convince the audience that it was watching "rough contented

and tough ice hockey at its best, with the action threatening to turn into fist-cuffs at any minute, when in fact there was little action." In contrast, during the second segment, when the action was truly violent, the announcers "let the action carry the game with little commentary of a dramatic sort."

The student game pigs were divided into four groups, shown the two segments, with and without the audio, and asked to rate them on a scale of 0 to 100 for perceived violence and entertainment. The outcome was that the students rated the normal-action segment, with its dramatic commentary, most violent and most entertaining, while they rated the same segment, without the audio, least violent and also least entertaining. The truly rough segment was perceived as somewhat less violent when it was accompanied by no commentary, and a lot less violent when accompanied by the commentary.

"These findings are suggestive of the great potential of sports commentary to alter the viewer's perception of the sport event," was the upshot of it all from the scholarly point of view. For the rest of us, a horrible question arises: Could it be that Cosell is both the medium and the message?

SLAPHAPPY

The Canadian Amateur Hockey Association passed a rule recently that forbids the slap shot in the league play of children 13 years old and under. The penalty will be two minutes. Kids, it was thought, were imitating the big guys and forgetting, or never learning, the fine art of stickhandling. Officials feel the rule will help restore finesse to hockey, and if it works this season, the age limit may be raised to 18 next year.

BARE MARKET

When the landmark agreement between the NBA owners and players association was reached 18 months ago, it was applauded on all sides as the first sensible solution to a labor-management problem in professional sport. Now, it appears, a hitch may be developing.

Under the terms of the agreement, if a player's contract had expired by the end of the 1976-77 season, he could become a free agent if he chose to. Some 30 or 40 players have. The trouble is, nobody's phone is ringing. In fact, there has been so little activity in the free-agent

market that Larry Fleisher, the general counsel of the players association, has begun to smell a rat.

"That would be very difficult to show," Fleisher told *The Boston Globe* recently, "but there is no question that something is going on. It's unconceivable to me that a team that finishes 22nd or 21st or 20th in the league isn't interested in signing or even talking to one of these free agents. Can you tell me that a Jim Clemons or a Geoff Petrie or a Sidney Wicks couldn't help a club like that?"

The problem, if there is one, is compensation, the NBA version of the old Rozelle Rule. In order to reach their agreement with the owners, the players' association made a temporary concession in the matter of compensation that allows the prevailing method to continue until 1980. According to this method, the team that signs a free agent must give his former team either players, draft choices or money. If the teams cannot agree on amounts, the commissioner steps in. For the time being, therefore, a team that signs a Clemons might have to give up, say, a Rudy Tomjanovich.

An unidentified official of an Atlantic Division club (probably Ted Turner, the Atlanta Hawks' owner) said recently, "Nobody wants to take the plunge and risk being made an example of by the commissioner. There's no precedent—and that's a little scary."

One wonders why the commissioner, Larry O'Brien, would be interested in "making an example" of one of his owners if the owner were merely transacting business according to the rules.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR FINGER

Only two Easters ago he was a cute little gray-and-white bunny. Now he is Harvey the Attack Rabbit, 4½ pounds of meanness if crossed, but a whiz of an athlete and an effective fund raiser for the ASPCA.

So far Harvey has bitten Willis Reed, two Playboy Bunnies and Duncan Wright, his keeper and the director of the New York ASPCA. He did not bite Billie Jean King or Virginia Wade, although he might have, because they were all together for a tennis fund raising at Madison Square Garden not long ago.

Harvey was a normal rabbit at birth, but unmerciful teasing by his first owners turned him aggressive at an early age. He has lived at the ASPCA in Manhat-

tan since May, and like many disturbed youths, he has responded to kindness and understanding.

In fact, he has responded so well that on Sept. 8 he will begin a 45-city fund-raising tour. From Boston to San Diego Harvey will demonstrate his athletic skills for the education of schoolchildren, and push the sale of T-shirts that say THIS PROPERTY PROTECTED BY HARVEY THE ATTACK RABBIT. If all goes well, the ASPCA will come out ahead financially.

Harvey's act includes tossing his yellow food bowl two feet in the air and catching it in his teeth (the latter half of the act is not yet perfected) and centering a tennis ball through his legs (his hind legs still tend to get in the way).

Folks had better ante up, or Harvey will know the reason why.

A TEAM WITH HEART

Major league ball parks average three spectator deaths a season from heart attacks, according to Bob Hope, public relations man for the Atlanta Braves. But Atlanta Stadium is an exception: No one has died watching the Braves play since the middle of the 1975 season, which is as it should be, since the Braves, typically, are 41-73 and 28 games out of first. "There's no tension here over who will win or lose," says Hope. "We know."

However, just in case stress levels should rise in Atlanta one day, the Braves will be ready. They maintain a first-aid unit that allows the condition of a heart-attack victim to be monitored by a nearby hospital. A doctor, a nurse and two paramedics are on duty during games, and the ushers, ticket takers and part-time help have all had a two-day course in cardio-pulmonary resuscitation.

Hope, being a resourceful PR man, is meanwhile hard at work trying to make a silk purse from a sow's ear of a team, "Baseball," he says, "should be fun and enjoyment. Have a good time at the game and go home alive."

THEY SAID IT

• Pete Rose, on Cincinnati teammate George Foster: "George has got to hit 50 homers, just like everybody's saying he will. Foster doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't curse, he doesn't fool around. Like Joe Morgan told him, 'Heck, you're supposed to hit 50 home runs if you live that way. Why don't you go out and fool around a little and have some fun and hit just 40?'"

END

Where quality drinks begin.



Seagram's 7 Crown makes
any drink taste better, because
it tastes better all by itself.

Seagram's 7 Crown



THE BATTLE OF THE AGES

It was sudden death as 47-year-old Gene Littler faced 27-year-old Lanny Wadkins in the National PGA at Pebble Beach—and Lanny killed a dream **by Dan Jenkins**

For most of the 59th PGA Championship in Pebble Beach, Calif. some madcap foolishness over the grooves in the faces of the golfers' irons was far more captivating than anything Lanny Wadkins or Gene Littler or Jack Nicklaus was up to. Or so it must have seemed to those meandering around the drought scarred but still lovely shores of Carmel Bay, the wrapper that Pebble Beach comes in. But in Sunday's final round, events slowly conspired to force the first sudden-death playoff in the history of the Big Four classics, and by the time the three extra holes were completed the golf club groove nonsense had been long forgotten. What will be remembered is 27-year-old Lanny Wadkins breaking the high-jump record for golfers who have just dropped a four-foot putt for a par.

No Masters or U.S. Open or British Open or National PGA had ever got itself decided at sudden death—well, at least not since the PGA switched from match play to stroke play in 1958. Sudden death had only been adopted—obviously for the benefit of television—by the Masters a couple of years ago and this year for the PGA. A playoff was bound to happen eventually, but not until Sunday afternoon at Pebble Beach did this seem to be the time and the place. Instead, that old smoothie Littler, 47, seemed ready to add still another comeback to the many in his career. With nine holes left, he held a five-stroke lead, and it was his PGA, even more than it had been on Thursday, when he opened up with a 67 to lead by one, or on Friday, when he shot a 69 and led by two, or on Saturday, when his third-round 70 had left him four ahead of Nicklaus, who was playing steadily but not making anything happen. Where Wad-

continued

Wadkins was jubilant as his 12-foot par putt rolled into the cup on the first extra hole. Littler was grim, having lost his lead and momentum.



kins was all of this time was shooting 69-71-72, which could be considered as staying in contention only if Littler did exactly what Littler did—leave his short game in the Del Monte Lodge on a platter of abalone.

Littler's troubles began when he bunkered his approach on 10 and bogeyed. He three-putted 12 for a bogey. He bogeyed the 13th after a bad second shot and a poor chip. He bogeyed 14 after hitting into a fairway bunker. And he bogeyed the 15th with an impure short iron that found a bunker. By that time Littler had fallen into a tie with Nicklaus, and Wadkins was only a shot away. For a little while the gods of golf looked very much as though they were dictating that Nicklaus was going to win his 17th major championship in the least satisfying way—through the complete collapse of an old friend.

Then Nicklaus did what he has now done for the past two years. He found another way to lose a major when he was within throat-clearing distance of it. At the par-3 17th hole, where he had once taken a U.S. Open with one of the most brilliant one-irons anyone ever struck, Jack hit a three-iron that achieved something less than the desired result. In fact, it took a lousy bounce, leaving him with an impossible chip and putt to rescue his par. He suffered the bogey and failed to make up for it with a birdie at the last green, when still another putt refused to obey the rap he gave it. Minutes earlier Wadkins had jammed a fine wedge onto the 18th green and then staggered a birdie putt into the cup to close with a two-under 70 and a total of 282.

As the so-called "leader in the clubhouse"—Lanny was in fact standing under a tent by the green—Wadkins could only wait to see what Littler would do on the last two holes. Gene collected himself enough to make a difficult par putt on 17, and he parred the last hole comfortably enough, but he was not a lively fellow. Better than anyone, Littler knew he had blown to a 76, and the momentum, if such a thing exists in golf, had swung to Wadkins.

In the locker room before the playoff, Lanny said, "I hate to see it happen to Gene. He's one of the nicest guys around. But I'm making a comeback, too."

True enough. Wadkins, who had come on the tour in 1972 with an almost unheard-of boastfulness and had set a rock-



Like Pebble Beach, Nicklaus is suffering a drought. It is now two years since he won a major title.

ie record for earnings (\$116,616, to be 10th on the money list), had practically disappeared from the game for three years after a gall bladder operation.

But in the locker room, he was the old Lanny. He turned to a friend who had a beer in his hand. "Give me some of that," he said. Wadkins took a couple of swigs. "That ought to do it," he said. Then he grinned and went out the door.

On the first extra hole, Wadkins made an almost indescribable par 4 to match Littler's and keep himself alive. His second shot landed in the deep fringe. One out of 20 golfers could get it down in two from there, and nobody could get it close. Few people could realize what a good shot Wadkins hit, a kind of gouge actually, in order to get the ball within 12 feet of the cup. And nobody could make the putt—except Lanny did.

Both Wadkins and Littler played the 2nd hole perfectly, reaching it in two blows and two-putting for halving birdies. And after they both hit beautiful drives at the 3rd, one could not escape the feeling that the playoff might last until next year's Crosby. Each missed the

green, however, Littler short and Wadkins over. Neither had a bargain of a chip, but Littler made his even worse by catching it fat. He was still a woeful 20 feet short. Wadkins gouged again from the thick fringe, and the ball trickled down to within four feet.

Play golf at Pebble Beach only once or twice and you would miss Lanny's putt four inches to the right. It was hardly a tap-in. But Wadkins nailed it, and the leap began. One leap. Two leaps. Three leaps. No, it wasn't the beer, he would say later on. It was the title.

For Wadkins, it was his second national championship. He took the U.S. Amateur in 1970, a title Littler had won 17 years before. Gene was a whiz kid of the '50s, and Wadkins was expected to be one of the '70s, but during the 1974 season he began to feel weak and bloated. "I would get tired and think it was because I was out of shape," he says. "I'd run and get even more tired. Then that December I had the operation." He fell from fifth on the money list in 1973 to 54th that year to 88th in 1975 with just \$23,582. "I never played bad in my life until 1974," he says.



another about their clubs. Usually the comments are on the order of "Where'd you find that wedge? Why, you could buck the ball down the highway toward Birmingham!" But Burns started to worry about the remark. He did not know that with the naked eye no one can determine the width of grooves in a golf club. "I don't know anything about golf clubs," Burns admitted at Pebble Beach. "I thought, 'Well, what if they are illegal? I don't want to win any money like that.'"

What Burns did next at Hartford was what turned the PGA into a scientific convention. He took his clubs to Deputy PGA Commissioner Clyde Mangum to have them examined. Mangum got out his gauge and he looked at the faces of Burns' clubs. The device told Mangum the grooves were too wide. How much? About the width of a baby's fingernail. Nevertheless, rules are rules, and Burns disqualified himself at Hartford.

A minor incident at the time, it seemed. Except that a few other pros use the same irons as Burns, clubs made by the Ram Corporation of Elk Grove Village, Ill. And those few other players happened to be Tom Watson, Raymond Floyd, Littler and Gary Player. At Pebble, the Ram troops took their clubs to Mangum's eyepiece. No rule says you have to. There had not been a club check that anyone could remember since the 1948 U.S. Open at Riviera.

Well, of course, Watson's were too wide (.037 instead of .035), Floyd's were too wide, several of Player's were too wide, but Littler's were O.K. Next, other competitors asked for a check. Nicklaus, for example. His clubs were fine. But Hale Irwin lost a couple of Wilson irons, John Lister lost some Australian-made irons, Tom Weiskopf was denied his wedge, and so on. Meanwhile, Watson had sent for the MacGregors he used to win the 1975 British Open. When they arrived, they, too, failed to meet specifications. Which is how it came to be that an hour before tee time on Thursday Watson wound up with a spare set of Roger Maltbie's MacGregors. "Anybody got any clubs?" Tom bellowed on the putting green. "I'll take anything." Maltbie came through. And this was the set that Watson used in his opening 68, proving how much difference grooves make. He hit a total of eight practice shots with them.

All of this brought up the question of

how clubs are made, what the grooves are good for, and why there are "specs" in the first place. Grooves basically are for control, and grooves on the short irons are there for backspin. Grooves can help get the ball up, which is good unless you want to keep the ball down in the wind. The rules governing grooves were adopted in 1941 by the USGA because certain guys had designed wedges that could make a golf ball dance with the Russian ballet.

But consider what happened after the 1948 club check at Riviera. In those days MacGregor had a powerhouse staff including Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson. Before that Open all of the MacGregor irons had to be filed down. With that disadvantage, Hogan shot 276 and broke the Open record by five strokes. Grooves have little to do with drivers and putters, and those clubs have always been where the money and titles are.

So after all was said and done, it became a joke. There was only one answer for the headlines, which said pros were using illegal clubs, the insinuation being that they were cheaters. Ed Seeler, the Ryder Cup member, wrote it out: "When you consider that the golf ball, which is either of solid or wound construction and has a Balata or Surlyn cover and must not exceed 1.62 ounces nor be less than 1.68 inches in diameter, is struck with a club, the shaft of which may be made of aluminum, titanium, graphite, hickory or moon rock, and is tipped $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch and is $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch longer than standard, especially when most manufacturers on the deflection board drop it 4.3612 inches with a one-pound weight placed two inches from the end, and when the grip on that shaft, which is either rubber, cord or leather is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch over standard or perhaps $\frac{1}{2}$ under standard, and such a shot is struck off of fairways mowed at $\frac{3}{4}$ onto a green that is cut to $\frac{1}{2}$ on Thursday or Friday and then $\frac{3}{4}$ on Saturday and Sunday, it is then of course very easy to see how a groove in an iron club that is a thousandth of an inch off can be one hell of an advantage."

And so it went at the PGA, until those final hours on Sunday when an old fellow and a young one, both of them making comebacks, turned the attention of everyone back to what players can do with a golf club, and not what a golf club can do for a player.

END

"I didn't know what it was to play bad. I didn't know golf was so hard. I went from long and straight to short and crooked."

If Wadkins was the story on Sunday, the great groove scandal dominated talk earlier, diverting conversation from forest fires, the price of suede in Carmel, the water rations of the Lodge and where Joan Fontaine's house was located. It got to where a man would order a steak and be tempted to say, "I'd like that within .035 of medium, please." For the first couple of days of the tournament, physics shoved everything else aside.

The controversy began innocently and simply enough the week before, at the Greater Hartford Open. There was an interlude during the second round when players were stacked up on the 2nd tee, chatting and killing time by fooling around with each other's clubs, which is what pros do when they aren't complaining. As it happened, Jerry Heard looked at an iron belonging to young George Burns and said, "Nice looking club, George. Too bad it's illegal."

For as long as the game has been played, golfers have been needing one

THE REDS ARE SINGING THE BLUES



Bench claims a "mental drain" is Grey's bane



Reds' gaffes have Anderson seeing a ghost.

Defending champion Cincinnati is second and suffering, and it can't blame it all on the pitchers. Sloppy playing in four crucial games with the Dodgers proved that

by Ron Fimrite

In his suffering he was visited by a ghost. "Ooooh," moaned Sparky Anderson, staring at the specter beyond the up-turned faces of his interviewers. "If Branch Rickey was alive today to see that play..." He shook his head in lament. Then he rose from his chair, something of an apparition himself in underwear and shower clogs, brandishing a half-eaten ham sandwich, and he seemed to address the spirit of the old Flatbush Mahatma directly. "Yes, that's right," he said to the wall of his office. "In a situation like that, when the runner is picked off clean, you show him the ball, and if he doesn't stop, you throw. Simple as that, eh?" Anderson laughed, a Pagliacci in briefs. "If Mr. Rickey had been alive today and seen that play, it would've killed him."

The play Anderson had in mind indeed would have done in the old Dodger boss. After all, Anderson, manager of the Cincinnati Reds and a Rickey disciple, barely survived it himself, typical though it may have been of the Reds' dolorous season. In the third inning of a critical game last week before the usual packed house in Los Angeles, Fred Norman, the plucky if star-crossed Reds' lefthander, spotted Dodger base runner Davey Lopes napping off first base and threw to Dan Driessen. A perfect pick-off play? No, more like *opéra bouffe*. Driessen threw the ball to Second Baseman Joe Morgan, who returned it to him as the fugitive Lopes skittered between

them. Driessen shoveled the ball to Shortstop Dave Concepcion, who tossed it again to Morgan, who flipped it underhand and low to a fifth member of the Cincinnati comedy act, Third Baseman Pete Rose, who dropped it. Everyone in and about the infield, with the exception of Catcher Johnny Bench, had handled the ball, and still Lopes had reached second base safely.

From there, Lopes was sacrificed to third by Bill Russell and brought home by Reggie Smith's single to left. So Lopes scored the only run of the game, pinned yet another defeat on the Reds, who finished the evening 12½ increasingly hopeless games behind the Dodgers in the National League West, and summoned for Anderson his admonishing specter. "Mr. Rickey believed in schooling," said Anderson. "Maybe that's what we need, more teaching around here. You don't see a rundown that bad in Class A ball."

Had the low-down rundown been the only gaffe of this season—or even of the week—it might have been forgivable. Alas, it was all too representative of the Reds' deplorable play in 1977, a startling turnabout after Cincinnati had won two consecutive world championships, including a seven-game sweep of the playoffs and Series last fall. In the preceding game, for example, Ken Griffey led off the fourth inning for Cincinnati with an infield single, his specialty. Morgan then looped a soft single to right. Now, this looked to be the start of a typical Reds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

scoring drive. Griffey, naturally, would race to third on the right-field hit, putting runners on first and third with nobody out. And because the runner on first would be the larcenous Morgan, he would naturally steal second, putting two runners in scoring position for George Foster, the major leagues' leading RBI man. Presto, a big inning.

But not on this night—and not in this season. Griffey unaccountably stopped at second on Morgan's hit. In fact, he stopped a little beyond second and was nearly thrown out hustling back to the bag. Morgan, startled by his teammate's mental lapse, stood with hands on hips at first base, the game plan ruined. For his part in the sorry scenario, Foster bounced a perfect double-play ball to Russell at short. The Reds did not deserve it, but this time they got lucky. Lopes misplayed Russell's throw and only Morgan was erased, with Griffey finally reaching third. He scored on Bench's single, and Cincinnati went on to win the game 4-0 behind the brilliant one-hit pitching of young Doug Capilla and his reliever, Pedro Borbon. The Reds won, but certainly not by playing alert baseball—except where they are not supposed to play it, on the mound. They salvaged a split in the four-game series with the Dodgers, gaining no ground and losing more time in their quest for a third straight championship.

There were other excursions into the bushes during the week. In the Wednesday game, Rose and Concepcion nearly collided on a pop-up back of third, and Foster and Centerfielder Cesar Geronimo almost bumped heads on a routine fly ball to left center. On Thursday, Morgan and Concepcion played who's-on-second in a double-play situation before Morgan finally accepted the responsibility. The Reds were not even especially taken aback when the landing gear on

continued

By dropping the ball, Rose finished off a flubbed up rundown that cost Cincinnati a game in L.A.



the plane carrying them from Los Angeles malfunctioned on the approach to the San Francisco airport. The upset was that they landed safely. It has been that kind of a season for the champs. "Everything that could go wrong has gone wrong," says Rose. "Last week Frank Taveras of the Pirates—you know what a power hitter he is—hit a ball off the end of his bat that bounced around the outfield and went for an inside-the-park grand slam."

Funny bounces do not account for all that has been happening to the Reds. Nor does bad pitching. In the past it has been fashionable to blame the Reds' staff for anything untoward that occurred during their relentless pennant drives. And by Anderson's assessment, the pitching was indeed horrible during the first three months of the season. Even now, after considerable improvement of late, the staff earned-run average is nearer five than four. The mighty Red sluggers have scored 10 or more runs three times and still have been beaten.

Through a series of bewildering transactions, the Reds lost what few quality pitchers they did have. Starters Gary Nolan and Don Gullett and Relievers Rawly Eastwick and Will McEnaney. What remained was a slow-pitch softball staff. But in recent weeks the pitching has been dramatically better. In its most recent 15 games, Cincy's staff has had a 3.65 ERA.

Capilla, a promising 25-year-old lefthander with a history of wildness, was acquired from St. Louis in a trade for Eastwick, who had criticized the Reds' management for penuriousness. At the time of the deal, the trade itself seemed to be Capilla's biggest achievement. "It's an honor to be traded for a pitcher that good," he said. "Rawly is a better pitcher than I am right now. But not for long."

Arriving with Capilla on the June 15 trading deadline was Tom Seaver, whose departure from the Mets received no more media notice in New York than V-J day. Then 21-year-old Mario Soto, who shut out the Pirates early last week, and 23-year-old Paul Moskau were brought up from the minor leagues in July. Of the starters who began the season for Cincinnati, only Norman remains in the rotation. Anderson insists that the new staff—two veterans and three youngsters, all of whom have good stuff—gives the Reds what they have always lacked, "pitching respectability." Says Griffey, "The only positive thing about this season is the young pitchers."

So the Reds are no longer losing games by scores of 16-15; they are dropping them 1-0. By the end of last week they had been shut out six times in the space of a month, four times since the All-Star Game, eight times during the season. The 4-3 defeat by the Giants on Friday night was their 22nd one-run loss against 14

wins. When poor Norman is pitching, the once sturdy Red bats become strands of pasta. In his last seven starts, a period covering 41 innings, Norman's teammates have favored him with exactly one run. The Reds had a team batting average of more than .290 before the All-Star break. Since then, they have been hitting .250. The splendid Seaver, grown accustomed to pitching for a team that scored a run a week, found himself, to his consternation, with another team that scored a run a week. Aware that his strong right arm was supposed to hoist his new team past the Dodgers, he wryly observed last week, "When I came here, we were 8½ behind. Now we are 12½ back. It's absolutely amazing what one man can do for a team." In truth, Seaver has done as well for Cincinnati as could be expected. He was 5-2 as a Red after beating L.A. 5-4.

Among the Reds' hitters, only Foster has been reasonably consistent, but even he has suffered dry spells, including two singles in 14 at-bats against the Dodgers last week. But he considers himself to be in "the age range"—he is 28—where he can perform steadily. With a major league-leading 38 homers and 109 RBIs, and a .314 average, Foster's steady hitting approximates the sensational.

Even when the Reds were hitting, they really were not. Holding before him a statistics sheet that showed five starters—Rose, Griffey, Morgan, Foster and Driesen—batting more than .300, Anderson snorted, "This might be the most deceiving thing I've ever seen." And he dropped the offending document to his desk as if it were an obscene letter. "Look at these home runs. We have 138, but only about 38 of them meant anything. Throw out the other hundred, and we'd still be where we are. All we do is thunder away in games that don't mean anything. We get our hits when we're ahead by four runs. We don't get the clutch hits, the two-out hits. There is only one figure on this page that means anything, and it shows us having lost as many as we've won." In fact, the only consistent thing about the Reds all season has been their record. Except for a couple of weeks in July, they've never been more than seven games better than .500. At the end of last week, they stood 58-57.

But what disheartens Anderson more is something that cannot be compiled statistically. "What's it say here—58 errors?



While giving the Reds a lift by beating L.A., Seaver did his own version of the Cincinnati Turkey

Heck, that doesn't tell the half of it. It's the mental errors that hurt. We're just not doing the things we did before. Moving runners along. Making the right plays in the field. I'm embarrassed; I feel like walking around in back alleys. I sure don't feel like going out socially."

Anderson is not the only one disheartened by Cincinnati's comatose state. Morgan, the perfectionist who prides himself on being the complete player, is appalled by it. "I never thought this would happen to us," he says. "No one's doing it on purpose. You can get angry when you see people who aren't trying, but we've still got a lot of character on this team. So I'm not angry, I'm disappointed. You can't look at other people. You just have to look at yourself. Sure, I'm hitting .300 and blah, blah, blah, but I haven't been hitting in the clutch as often as I did last year. The difficult thing is knowing that we're so much better than this. That's the thing that gnaws at Sparky. He looks out there and sees the best eight men in baseball. Then he looks and sees where we are in the standings."

Morgan suspects the team lacked the steady influence of the traded Tony Perez during the early weeks of the season, when the Reds let the Dodgers break to a big lead. "Tony was always the same, never excited," Morgan says. "He's the only player I know who looks the same when he's gone 0 for 4 as when he's gone 4 for 4. We missed him early, but Driesen has done a super job since."

Bench feels the Reds may be suffering from something he calls "mental drain." He is convinced that the pressure of playing at the top of one's game week after week against opponents who are always "laying for you" can exact a grievous toll. There comes a time when one cannot get out of the doldrums, says Bench, "simply by taking it for granted that you will. You can't be a fatalist, either, and say that's the way the ball bounces."

The Red players angrily deny that their absentminded play is an indication that they have become complacent now that they are rich and famous. They fall back on the professional athlete's familiar defense that pride, not worldly goods, is

the prime motivator in sports. But Anderson is not so certain. Although he wished Capilla well in his bid for a no-hitter against the Dodgers—which the youngster lost in the seventh on a controversial infield hit by Ron Cey—Anderson confided that he was just as happy Capilla did not get it.

"If he gets the no-hitter now, this early in his career, he'll be getting calls from New York," Anderson said. "He'll be on all the TV shows. Well, we've had too much of that. We've become more show business than baseball. The limelight is wonderful, but maybe if you stay out of it for a while you'll realize how wonderful it was. My guys are good people, but anytime you give anybody total security—lots of money and long-term contracts—you don't walk away from a losing game saying, 'That's terrible.' You don't have the same get-up-and-go. You can say all you want about people not chugging, but I wonder. I wonder if I haven't changed. I'm wearing clothes now I've never worn before. I know famous people. I just wonder. . . ."

Whatever they have lost—games, concentration, prestige—the Reds have retained their laudable sense of the absurd. They continue, as Rose puts it, "to agitate" one another and outsiders as well. And they are premier anecdotists. On the bus from Dodger Stadium to their hotel in Los Angeles one night last week, Rose and Bench exchanged stories about Frank Howard, the amiable giant who hit home runs for the Dodgers and the Washington Senators. Bench, employing Howard's husky voice in the dialogue, described a night he and Howard spent in a Los Angeles hotel following an off-season banquet. They were awakened in the middle of the night by a mild earthquake. Howard, looking even more mammoth than usual in nothing but his shorts, appeared in Bench's doorway. "What's up, John?" he asked.

"I think we're in an earthquake, Frank."

"Well, what d'ya think we oughta do, John? Go downstairs or what?"

Bench had no answer for that one.

"I mean, what d'ya think we oughta do?"

There was laughter on the bus, but the story also provoked some thought, for the question was a good one. What d'ya think we oughta do, John? Go downstairs or what?

TWO

Concepcion and Morgan reacted disgustedly after Cey's infield single broke up Capilla's no-hitter.



NEW CHARGE FOR THE CHARGERS

Powerless for years, San Diego's new slogan is "Watch Lightning Strike." And the Chargers may indeed jolt opponents with Joe Washington, Johnny Rodgers, James Harris and numerous other flashes **by Joe Marshall**

The San Diego Chargers have had more than their share of woes. They have not been a winner since the 1960s, they suffered through a pill-popping scandal, and their attendance has been among the worst in the NFL. But, lo and behold, the Chargers have now put together such a big-play attack that the new ticket-sales pitch is "Watch Lightning Strike." Indeed, of all the teams in pro football, none has such dramatic possibilities for sudden and exciting improvement as the Chargers.

For the 27,620 in San Diego Stadium last Saturday night, lightning struck with 33 seconds left in the first half of an exhibition with the 49ers. At that point San Diego trailed 10-7. Joe Washington, in single safety, took a punt on his 11, skirted two tacklers on the left sideline, then broke into the clear. Angling all the way across the field, he outran the remaining 49er defenders for an 89-yard score. San Diego, although badly outplayed in the first half, thus took a 13-10 lead into the locker room.

After the intermission, Quarterback James Harris, making his San Diego debut, finally began making the acquaintance of his new receivers. He connected on 10 of 14 second-half passes for 125 yards as the Chargers added three more touchdowns to win 32-13. They would have had three more points, but Ray Wersching flubbed three of his five extra-point attempts. Still, Coach Tommy Prothro was elated. "Big plays will win most games for you," he said. "That punt return sure picked us up."

Washington's lightning bolt was the Chargers' second touchdown in two games that was scored on a punt return. The previous week, in the team's opening exhibition in Dallas, Johnny Rodgers scampered 68 yards with a punt for a score in a 34-14 loss to the Cowboys. The Chargers' locker room was quiet that night. Last Saturday it was jumping. "We're a young team," said Rodgers, "and when a young team gets on top it thinks it's king of the world."

The Charger optimism centers around this big-play lineup:

- **Johnny Rodgers.** The 1972 Heisman Trophy winner and the Chargers' No. 1 draft pick in 1973, Rodgers chose to sign with Montreal of the Canadian Football League, who made him the highest-paid player in CFL history. In four years with the Alouettes, he gained almost 8,000 yards rushing, receiving and returning kicks. He has just turned 26. "People think I'm older," he says, "because I've been in the news so long." Rodgers sports an unusual sartorial touch; he wears a specially tailored golf glove on his left hand. "James Harris throws the ball hard enough to break your fingers, and I can stop a brick with this glove," Rodgers says. "I wet it, and it's just like putting gum on your hand."

- **James Harris.** Acquired in a trade for draft choices on June 14, Harris led the

NFC in passing last season with the Rams, even though he eventually lost his job to rookie Pat Haden. The Rams won 20 of the 26 games Harris started for them. He is 6' 4", weighs 210 pounds and has a long-bull arm. "James says he can throw it 89," says Rodgers. "I told him to hold up a few steps, make it 86, and I'd be there to catch it."

- **Joe Washington.** The Chargers' first pick in the 1976 draft, Washington averaged more than six yards a carry in four years at Oklahoma. Last season he never touched the ball for San Diego, following two cartilage operations on his right knee. Now fully recovered, Washington says he is a little faster than before—"My speed and acceleration have increased because I worked so hard to get my knee back in shape."

- **Charlie Joiner.** Acquired in a trade with the Bengals for Defensive End Coy



Bacon after the 1975 season, Joiner was a teammate of Harris' at Grambling. Last year he caught 50 passes for 1,056 yards, a tape-measure average of 21.1 yards a reception. Only two other receivers, Oakland's Cliff Branch and Baltimore's Fred Carr, gained more yards.

• Don Woods. Picked up on waivers from Green Bay in 1974, Woods set an NFL record for a rookie that season by gaining 1,162 yards. Knee surgery and a nagging ankle injury cut his playing time the last two years, but he is now showing his old form.

• Rickey Young. A 1975 seventh-round draft choice from Jackson State, where he mostly blocked for Walter Payton. Young is considered the Chargers' best all-round performer. He was one of only three players last year to rank in the top 10 in his conference in both rushing and receiving. The other two were Chuck Foreman and Lydell Mitchell. "With this many big-play types on the field at one time it takes the pressure off the individual," says Young. "And it makes you play a better game. You can say to yourself, 'If I just make this block, we could go all the way on this play.'"

If the Chargers, in fact, go all the way over the .500 mark for the first time since 1969, it may allow owner Gene Klein a brief respite from the slings and arrows of San Diego fans, who blame him for the team's downfall. Klein purchased the club shortly before the 1966 season. At that point the Chargers had won five AFL West titles in their six years of existence, including the last three in a row. Since then the team has never been better than third and during one stretch finished last four straight years. The nadir was reached in 1973, a year made infamous in *The Nightmare Season*, a book by psychiatrist Arnold J. Mandell. Many of Mandell's assertions about the usage of amphetamines by the Chargers have been challenged, but no one has ever argued about the title.

The 1973 Chargers attracted the biggest season-ticket sale in club history—40,341. The team, a group of aged veterans, many of them misfits—a sort of over-the-hill, over-the-wall gang—responded by finishing last with a 2-11-1 record. After the season the NFL fined eight players amounts ranging from \$1,000 to \$3,000 for drug abuse. Gen-



Rodgers says that he can do the work of three

eral Manager and former Head Coach Harland Svare was fined \$10,000 for allowing the situation to develop, and the club (i.e., Klein) was assessed \$20,000. No less dour an observer than Cincinnati's Paul Brown called the team "the sinkhole of the NFL." The local citizenry raised an outcry against the Chargers. Gene Klein raised ticket prices.

Needless to say, season-ticket sales fell and fell. Last year they dipped to an embarrassing 20,467, which was by far the lowest figure in the league. This year Klein is raising ticket prices again. The best seats in San Diego Stadium will sell for \$15. However, for the first time in four years, season-ticket sales are up, albeit modestly.

The architect of the rejuvenated Chargers is Prothro. He inherited the Charger mess in early 1974 after two years with the Rams and a year's involuntary sabbatical from coaching. During that year Prothro toured Europe and played in a lot of bridge tournaments. "I don't know when I've enjoyed a year more but I knew it would get old," he says. "I really never thought I'd get back into football except with an expansion team. I think if I have an ability in coaching, it's teaching, not strategy, and veterans aren't too interested in learning. When Gene called me about this job, I told him I thought San Diego *continued*



Zooming past defenders, the bolting Washington scores on the punt return that broke the 49ers

was just about the same thing as an expansion team."

Prothro has rebuilt through the draft. Only two Chargers have stayed with the club since he arrived—Guard Doug Wilkerson and Tackle Russ Washington. San Diego may well be the youngest team in the NFL. Its starting eleven on defense for the final game last year averaged 24.5 years of age and only 1.7 years of previous NFL experience. The question now

is whether Prothro can lead his team as well as he built it. Talk persists that the players are unmoved by Prothro. "It's a shame," says one ex-Charger. "There's a stick of dynamite there, but no one's lighting the fuse."

Prothro himself seems confident that his team is on the brink of better days. He admits that there is now enough talent on the squad for him to trade a draft choice or two for a quality defensive back, where lightning all too often strikes the Chargers. He has already promised draft choices for Harris. "I just feel James is worth a lot more than we are going to pay for him," Prothro says. "What we eventually give the Rams depends on how he does and on how we do. It was almost a nothing-to-lose deal."

Harris and Rodgers are the kind of players the club might have shied away from in 1974. Harris, through no fault of his own, was the center of controversy in Los Angeles last season, where his every demotion and promotion became a racial issue with the fans and the press if not with the players. Rodgers, in turn, created so much controversy in Montreal last year, repeatedly missing or showing up late for practices and team meetings, that the Alouettes terminated his contract and waived him out of the league.

James Harris showed spark in his quarterback debut for the Chargers, while versatile Ricky Young may be the team's best all-round player.



Before signing Rodgers, Prothro met with him for 12 nonstop hours in order to discuss, as the coach put it, "what we expect of a football player in attitude and deportment." "I told the coach not to go on hearsay but to judge me for himself," says Rodgers. "I also told him what I could do for the Chargers. I can catch the ball deep. On punt returns I can keep us in good field positions, where we can at least get three. And after the other team scores, I can get us right back in the game with a long kickoff return. I can do the work of three people. I'm not cocky, I'm just confident. I do what I can do. I don't just sit around and talk about it. I can't live off press clippings."

Not with his taste in automobiles, he can't. Rodgers has been a model athlete in the Charger camp but he had been back in this country only 10 days before he fell afoul of the Feds. Emerging from San Diego Stadium after a workout last May, he discovered two customs officials baby-sitting his \$38,000 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. They asked if Rodgers had forgotten the \$1,140 duty on the car? Rodgers said he hadn't, that he was just visiting the States and hadn't yet moved from Montreal. The customs officials said they would just confiscate the car and then look into that. They are still looking into it. They still have the car. This shouldn't have annoyed Rodgers unduly. After all, he also had an \$18,000 Mercedes Benz 450 SEL with him. But there were a lot of people at his house and he felt he needed a second car. So he bought a \$16,000 Jensen. "Why not just a Volkswagen?" he was asked. "I already have one of those," he said, "but it's in Canada."

The presence of Rodgers and the rest of the Chargers' big-play bunch in training camp has caused Charlie Joiner to have a recurring dream. In it, San Diego is in the Super Bowl. His own role in the game isn't important. James Harris always wins the MVP award. For Joiner, the key moment comes at the end of the dream. It is months later and he is at home. The postman delivers a small box that arrives by registered mail. Opening it, Joiner finds the player's ultimate dream—a Super Bowl ring. Then he wakes up.

For now it is just a pleasant dream. But for a Charger even that is a sign of progress. In San Diego, football used to be a nightmare.

END

One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



Turkish and Domestic Blend

19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





As a businessman and a celebrity, Lou Brock accepts it as inevitable that he, an expert at marketing products, should himself become a product expertly marketed. Still, being both a salesman and for sale does lead to some confusion of roles. Here, on the office blower to some far-flung operative, is L. C. Brock, president of Lu-Wan Enterprises, Inc. of St. Louis:

"Going back to Pepsi, what did Pepsi say?" Pause for a tiny metallic voice on the other end of the line. "No, nobody in New York is authorized to negotiate on my behalf. ... What's that? How many?" With a fingernail file, L. C. Brock taps out some computations on his wrist-watch-calculator. "Well, they should be happy. They've got 200 dozen. They're looking at total dollars without realizing what the cost is. ... Let me get a recap here. ..."

And here is Richman Bry, round-

crack this hoary standard (at the end of last week he needed only six steals to do so), thereby unleashing what Bry gleefully envisions as a veritable cornucopia of lucrative business opportunities, surpassing even those that attended Henry Aaron's succession to the Sultanate of Swat three years ago. Brock is not ordinarily a seeker of undue attention, but he realizes that he is embarked on a historic adventure and he accepts its conditions—including a personal-appearance schedule that rivals Billy Carter's—with characteristic good humor and philosophic detachment.

"Sure, I feel like a piece of property," says Brock, "but I have control over what happens to me. It doesn't bother me. We're all promoters in a way. I haven't seen a guy in this game yet who didn't promote himself. And this is only going to happen once in my life. It is the challenge of the moment."

Cobb's lifetime total is virtually the only major stolen-base record Brock does not already possess.

He is the National League career leader. Three years ago, amid a hullabaloo comparable to the one he now anticipates, he stole 118 bases, thereby exceeding Maury Wills' single-season record of 104, which in turn had exceeded Cobb's 96. Brock is tied with Hall of Famer Eddie Collins with 14 steals in the World Series, but it took Collins 34 games to get his, while Brock required only 21. He has stolen 50 or more bases in a season 12 times, and in successive years—both major league records. And now he is bearing down on Cobb, a man who, aside from a rural Southern upbringing and a passion for commerce (he got rich on Coca-Cola stock), had even less in common with Brock than the sybaritic Ruth had with the circumspect Aaron. Cobb was everything Brock is not—a racist, a truculent, profane, suspicious, humorless bully, of whom it was said by Al Stump, who collaborated with Cobb on his au-

continued

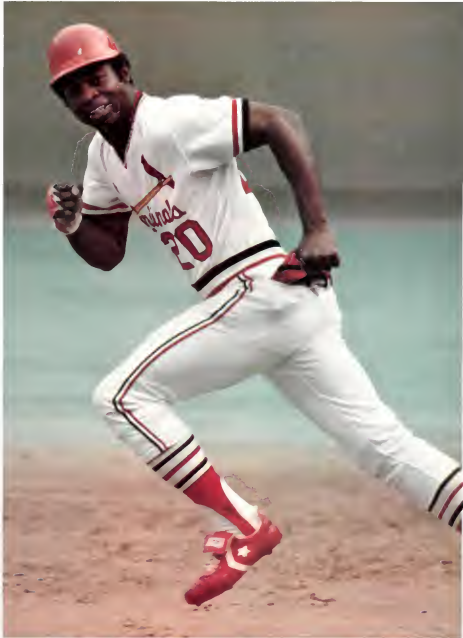
MAKE WAY FOR THE SULTAN OF SWIPES

As he nears Ty Cobb's career base-stealing record, businessman-thief Lou Brock finds larceny is lucrative

by RON FIMRITE

faced, fast-talking president of Bry & Associates, Ltd. of St. Louis, whose job it is to sell Lou Brock, star base stealer of the St. Louis Cardinals, to the lords of the media and high commerce. Base stealer Brock sits with his hands folded as Bry says, "We are looking to uncover any area that will be productive for Lou. We will not make an exclusive deal with any company until we can be sure we have the right association, like the one O.J. has with Hertz. We see Lou becoming the exclusive spokesman for a major business. That's the best kind of deal, one that involves the athlete totally. After he breaks the record, we see posters and T-shirts with his name on them."

The record Bry has in mind is one that, until very recently, was considered unassailable—Ty Cobb's career total of 892 stolen bases. Although Brock is now 38 and slower afoot than he once was, sometime in the next few weeks he should



biography. "He was the most violent, successful, thoroughly maladjusted personality ever to pass across American sports." Cobb's teammate Sam Crawford once tried mightily to say something nice about him, but the best he could do was grumble. "He sure wasn't easy to get along with. He wasn't a friendly, good-natured guy." Even Mike Marshall is a charmer in comparison. Brock is a saint.

"Lou is one of the nicest, finest men ever to play this game," says his teammate and fellow star Ted Simmons.

Indeed, Brock's amiability is almost as legendary as Cobb's irascibility. He always makes himself available. He is a frequent speaker at public functions, a willing participant, both personally and financially, in charitable projects, such as the

Lou Brock Boys Club. He is available for interviews not only to media stars, but also to youngsters from small-town weeklies and to college kids with tape recorders. His responses to questions are invariably lively, thoughtful, sometimes even surprising. Interviewed before a recent game by one Dick Pryor of station KNOR in Norman, Okla., Brock chattered on so informatively and at such length on the Oklahoma Sooners' prospects for the coming football season that Pryor finally had to intervene and request that he say a little something about himself. A broadcaster from WSU, the campus radio station at Southern Illinois University, approached Brock during batting practice one day last month. Agreeable as ever, Brock interrupted his swings as the young man thrust a microphone before him. "Lou," he began with abrupt familiarity, "you've been asked a thousand questions. Is there one you've always wanted to be asked that you haven't?" Brock smiled. "I've been asked that question," he said.

In the clubhouse, where what passes for polite discourse would embarrass a career noncom in the Marine Corps, Brock is rarely heard to say anything more scabrous than "Oh, gosh." If he has a rhetorical weakness it is for the bromides of the boardroom. He favors such expressions as: "Back to the drawing board" and "We'll have to examine the whole spectrum and channel our resources." He "finalizes" things and "subjects" them to "analysis." He deals in "concepts" and is convinced that one thing is almost always "predicated" on another. He has a particular affection for syntactical doubling up, sometimes to the point of redundancy. People are "defiant-and-aggressive," brimming with "ambition-and-purpose," in search of "fulfillment-and-enjoyment," blessed with "pride-and-self-esteem," and haunted by "wishes-and-desires."

His extensive involvement in the business world would seem to account for this lamentable jargon. Lu-Wan (named for his children—Lou Jr., 13, and Wanda, 15) is principally involved in the marketing of an umbrella hat called the BroccaBrella. That is not a misspelling, because, according to Brock, the hat is not named for him. "We just thought BroccaBrella had a nice tilt to it," he says. A BroccaBrella is a headband from which a miniature umbrella springs. It looks just absurd enough to have genuine fad po-



Brock and his wife Virgie drive a custom-built Stutz, which has been paid for in part by his business income. Lately Brock has been marketing BroccaBrellas, some of which decorate his St. Louis office.



tential, a phenomenon Lu-Wan patiently awaits. "We have taken a concept that first appeared in 1879," says Brock, employing executive-suite patois, "and we've spent two years researching and re-designing it. We've created a need for it and a new kind of general distribution." The hat, he says, is designed to protect its wearer from extensive exposure to the sun, and it is also useful in the event of unexpected showers. Fishermen use BroccaBrellas, Brock says, so do occupants of the bleachers. Those who wear it look like coolies with a flair for color. Lu-Wan also envisions such BroccaBrella spin-offs as T shirts and matching sport shirts. As a whole new industry could flourish under the hat. "It's the umbrella concept," Brock says inadvertently. He laughs. "Oh, gosh...."

The BroccaBrella is not Brock's only business interest. He is a consultant for the Converse Rubber Corp., makers of a sneaker called the Player 118 L-T (for lateral traction), which Brock developed. He acts also as a consultant for Bry & Associates, recruiting new clients by interesting athletes in Bry's "personal management concept." And he owns a florist shop and a sporting-goods store. Anyone who spends as much time as he does with advertising men and junior executives may be forgiven if his associates' jargon creeps into his own delivery. Besides, Brock does not talk that way all the time. In fact, he is usually quite particular about language. If a word escapes him, he will pause until it returns, filling in the gap with the complaint, "Now, what is that word I want?" When discussing base stealing, his language seems more indebted to computer science than to business. He is as technical on this topic as might be expected of one who has spent years putting the stopwatch and the movie camera to his adversaries, the pitchers and catchers.

"About as quickly as a pitcher can throw to his catcher and have his catcher throw to second is 2.9 seconds," says Brock. "I know I can get to second in 3.4 seconds or less. I am daring them to make that play in 2.9 and be on target. I know I'll always be there in my 3.3 to 3.4. I can't outrun the ball, but a catcher can't throw it until he gets it. That 2.9 is predicated on a fastball. A breaking pitch, especially a sinker, increases the runner's advantage. I use a straightforward, pop-up slide—nothing fancy. My theory is not like Maury Wills' be-

lieved in taking a maximum lead. I don't. With a big lead, you have to be just as concerned with getting back to first as with getting to second. And if there is a throw to first, you must dive back into the bag. I refuse to dive back. It has to do with wear and tear on the body. The diving takes its toll, and who wants to be beaten up by some big first baseman? Willie McCovey hit me on the head with a tag once that had me seeing stars for three days. With a shorter lead, I have to run 80 to 82 feet to reach second. Maury would run 75 feet. But he used the hook slide. He'd go three feet past the bag and catch it with his back foot. With my straight-in slide, I make up the distance I lose with the shorter lead. Everything revolves around acceleration, reflexes based on repetition. I use body language. By taking a shorter lead and looking relaxed, my body is telling the pitcher I'm not going to run. Standing there, relaxed, upright, I'm causing doubts. All people who sprint start from a low position. The pitcher associates a low stance with running. He's conditioned to believe it's impossible to run from a straight-up position. I do. Of course, now they all assume I'm running no matter what I look like."

Brock's angelic disposition is disrupted by only a few of life's irritations, chief of which are the perpetuation of his reputation as a poor fielder, his not being voted the Most Valuable Player after his record-breaking 1974 season and the unwritten canon of baseball etiquette that holds that stealing bases when the thief's team is well ahead is not only bad form but the act of an unrepentant self-aggrandizer.

"Before 1920 the whole game was based on running," says Brock. "After that, the attitude was 'Why run? We'll get the long ball to knock you home.' There seemed to be a gentlemen's agreement not to run. Well, I didn't agree to it. And I've paid a price for it. I've been sucker-punched in fights on the field, and I've taken more knockdown pitches than I like to think about. Oh, I've heard all the criticism, too. You know, I'm out there just to build up my own stats. But that attitude is changing. Now running is totally acceptable. Everybody does it. The bigger ball parks have changed all this. The ball parks and the success the Dodgers and we had with our running teams in the '60s. I also found pitchers who would fight for me—Bob Gibson

and Steve Carlton. They're the kind who would say, 'Do anything you want as long as you're scoring runs.'"

Brock insists that he was not bitter about losing the MVP award to Steve Garvey in '74. He merely felt that the voters didn't fully comprehend the impact of the stolen base, its capacity for un-ghinging a defense and demoralizing a pitcher and catcher whose "pride-and-reputation" had been attacked. "I felt I earned the award that year," says Brock. "That's all there is to it." He might also have added that he was 35 then and fairly certain he would never get another chance at the honor.

As to his fielding, he says, "When I came up I was labeled as a guy who had problems in the outfield. You never get past that label. But I'll ask myself, as a test, 'If a team had one ball to catch, who would it want out there?' Ninety-nine percent of the time I come up with myself as an answer." Brock still absorbs some good-natured needling over his supposed defensive deficiencies. Bill White, a former teammate and now a broadcaster, cornered him before a game in June with the Pirates. "I remember the time you caught a ball in left centerfield and thought you could double a guy off first," said White, smiling maliciously. Brock winced. "I couldn't believe my eyes. Here you are, 350 feet away and trying to throw some guy out. I said to myself, 'Either this guy is the best outfielder in the world or he's sure as hell the worst.'"

"I thought it was a good play," said Brock meekly.

Louis Clark Brock was born in El Dorado, Ark., and reared in nearby Collinsville, La. "It was a farm community, in the heart of what you might call the Bible Belt," Brock says. "Playing baseball on Sunday was considered taboo. We had one stoplight, a blinker. There was a general store, a post office, a saloon, a cafe, a drugstore and, of course, a jailhouse. That was downtown. There was no doctor's office and no law office. City Hall was in the jailhouse. But the street was paved and we did have telephones. People sat outside on the porches of the old wooden houses in rocking chairs. Our house was typical of down there—a four-room shack with a porch and a swing."

Brock recalled his rural childhood while driving to the Lu-Wan offices in his cardinal-colored Stutz Blackhawk, an auto that can cost as much as \$120,000.

continued

Telly Savalas has one, Brock says. So do Dean Martin and Evel Knievel. Elvis Presley has four or five. The Stutz has a paneled dashboard that recalls Captain Nemo's bridge in the *Nautilus*. Solid gold door handles are one of the options. It is a chariot worthy of a man of stature, which Brock indubitably is. His friends estimate that, with his baseball wages and the earnings from his myriad business enterprises, his annual income approaches half a million dollars. Brock sank back into the lush upholstery as he drove and recalled less affluent times:

"My mom and father split up when I was two. By the time he and I got acquainted, I was in the big leagues. My mom married three times and had kids each time, nine altogether. I was in the second group. Mom did domestic work, and we farmed—cotton, corn, beans, hogs, cows, the works. In our town the blacks all lived in clusters, but the whites were always nearby. There was one big house in town, the rich people's.

"I didn't know what it was like anywhere else. I had lots of fun. We played our games, blacks and whites together. Only later, in junior high and high school, did I notice a change in attitude. It's the same in cities today. My son has felt this change. He can't understand it. Except in his case, we're talking about 1977, not the late '40s in Louisiana."

The mighty car pulled into the driveway outside the Lu-Wan building, a single-story structure with warehouse attached. Brock entered swiftly, wishing his all-female office staff a pleasant good morning. He was wearing a sport shirt and slacks, in deference to the St. Louis humidity. On the road, he is more often seen in three-piece suits or expensively tailored sport coats. He is a dapper man. All of Brock's office workers are former schoolteachers, including his second wife, Virgie, who is the company controller. It pleases him to be in the company of such erudition. Virgie and he were married last November, nearly three years after his divorce from his first wife, a college sweetheart.

Brock's private office is small and neat. There are maps on the walls perforated by pins indicating cities where BroccaBrella sales are booming. Several of the funny hats sprout from the walls like giant mushrooms. Behind his desk, Brock instantly assumed a worried expression. He shuffled comically through sheaves of papers in futile search for a lost docu-

ment. He called in one of the women. "There was a letter here that is supposed to go out to Canada today. Got any idea what happened to it?" he asked. "Yes, I gave it to you," she answered. Brock slapped his hand on his forehead. "It figures. Everything gets lost around here as soon as I walk in." He abandoned the search, apparently secure in the belief that the misplaced missive would reappear.

"I was up in age, about 13, before I really started playing baseball," he said. "But I got interested before that. It happened this way. I was kind of a mischievous kid in school. So this one day I fired a spitwad at this girl in front of me. It missed and—you guessed it—hit the teacher. The punishment was for me to look up something on some of the great names in sports then—Joe DiMaggio, Jackie Robinson, Don Newcombe—and give a report on them in class. The idea was to get me more aware of what was happening in the world. Well, what was happening in my life was the sun coming out every day. But I got hold of some magazines and began reading about those sports heroes, and I really got interested. The most intriguing thing to me was that big league players got \$8 a day for meal money. All I could think of was of how much penny candy that would buy. Giving that report was one of the hardest things I had to do, even if it was only a one-room schoolhouse. The other kids were snickering and calling me teacher's pet, which I was trying hard not to be. But I got through it. And I got interested in baseball."

Virgie and Lou Jr. entered Brock's office, stomping wet feet on the floor. The steamy St. Louis summer air had finally metamorphosed into a hard, insistent rain. Virgie's head had been protected from the storm by a BroccaBrella, young Lou's by a blue newsboy's cap. She is a tall lovely woman, quick-witted and cheerful. The boy has the cocky air of a successful young athlete, which he already is in both basketball and baseball. Unlike his father, he is right-handed, a shortstop. "More important," his father said, "he's good in the classroom." A chip off the old Brock.

"I was always academically oriented," Brock said. "It was a matter of pride-and-self-esteem. You don't want to be the dumbest kid in school. Not the smartest, necessarily, but not the dumbest. It was a competitive thing. I wanted to be able

to hold my own in a crowd. At my high school, Union High in Mer Rouge, La., I'd represent the school in math and science competition, as well as in baseball. All through high school we were in the state finals in math and chemistry—for black schools. We'd be champions in both science and baseball. I got a partial academic scholarship to Southern University in Baton Rouge. Math was my major. But I lost my scholarship after the first semester. And with that went some jobs I'd had on campus. I was poor and I wasn't eating too well, but I went out for the baseball team in my second semester. I couldn't get the coach to notice me, to give me a chance at bat. All he had me doing was chasing fly balls. Finally, after running around all afternoon in the hot sun, I just fell from exhaustion. That was one way of getting noticed. They gathered around me, giving me smelling salts, the whole thing. I came to and rested a little, and as a goodwill gesture, the coach let me hit. I took five swings and hit four balls out of the park. Then they asked me my name and where I was from, all the things I was prepared to answer a month before.

"I made the starting lineup as a freshman and got an athletic scholarship my second year. All I really wanted to do was stay in school. When I was a sophomore, the scouts discovered me. Actually, they were looking at a pitcher named Johnny Berry from Wiley College. He pitched against us in our next-to-last game. Had a no-hitter going into the ninth and was leading 1-0. Then I hit a homer to tie it up. He gave up only one more hit—another homer by me in the 11th to win the game. I was sporting a .500 average at the time, and the scouts started to ask themselves who this kid was. Oh, gosh, those are the moments."

In 1959 Brock got his first taste of big-time athletics, playing for the U.S. baseball team at the Pan-American Games in Chicago. "Oscar Robertson and Jerry West were on that team in basketball; Charlie Dumas, the high jumper, was there; and Rico Carty and Juan Marchal in baseball," he says. "And a kid named Cassius Clay was hanging around. He was a kind of a little squirt then, only 17, barely a light-heavy. I was probably heavier than he was then. Well, this one day he saw me carrying some heavy bags, and I guess my muscles were popping out from the strain. He made some smart remark, and I dropped the bags and said

something like, 'Try me.' I'm glad he never accepted that invitation. We're good friends now."

The athlete who had the most influence on Brock at those games was a track man, Charles (Deacon) Jones of Iowa. It was he who suggested that the young ballplayer might improve his raw speed with a little technique. Later, when Brock was a rookie with the Cubs and, with Jones, a "token" salesman for the Humble Oil Co., the two worked out regularly at the University of Chicago track. Occasionally they were joined by another man who knew something about running, Jesse Owens. The economy of motion that characterizes Brock on the bases is directly attributable to the coaching of Jones and Owens.

Brock dropped out of college after his junior year to sign with the Cubs, who offered him a bonus of about \$30,000 to be spread over several years. It was a critical decision for a youth who had struggled manfully to get his education. "I went to college to upgrade my standard of living," he says. "When I got to be a junior, I knew I was either going to become a professional person or a professional athlete. I was 21 years old when I dropped out. Sports, I decided, was a young man's game, so I took the chance. I knew I had something to fall back on. I had only one year to go in school, so if I fell flat on my face in baseball, the other was still attainable."

Brock spent only a year in the minor leagues, hitting .361 and stealing 38 bases for the Cubs' farm team in St. Cloud, Minn. He was a regular on the big team in 1962, his first full season in the major leagues. But he was not particularly happy. He then considered himself a free-swinging power hitter, an opinion given some credence by a mammoth home run he hit into the right center-field bleachers at the Polo Grounds, a distant territory previously reached only by mighty men such as Joe Adcock. But Brock was a slender, if steely muscled, 172-pounder, and the Cubs saw him as a choke-hitting leadoff man, someone to get on base ahead of their power hitters—Ernie Banks, Billy Williams and Ron Santo. Swinging from the end of the bat, Brock struck out too often for management's taste. He whiffed 96 times in 434 at bats in 1962, and 122 in 547 appearances the following year. There was also the sorry business of his fielding. "Brock double dribbles everything hit his way," Gene

Mauch, then the manager of the Phillies, said. And he had not yet begun to steal. If the Cubs did not openly discourage the running game, they at least held it subordinate to the long ball. In two full seasons in Chicago, Brock stole only 40 bases, a figure he would routinely achieve by August in later years.

The Cubs and their young outfielder were approaching mutual despair when, on June 15, 1964, the trade that shall live in infamy for Cub fans was made. Chicago decided it needed a winning pitcher more than a discontented strikeout artist in the outfield. The Cardinals needed a left-handed-hitting outfielder with speed. So the Cards gave up Ernie Broglio (a 21-game winner in 1960 and an 18-game winner in 1963), the aged left-hander Bobby Shantz and Outfielder Doug Clemens to acquire Brock and Pitchers Jack Spring and Paul Toth. At the time it seemed that the Cubs got much the better of the trade. Brock himself even says so. "The Cubs got a 20-game winner for a guy with a tag reading 'maybe.' And Clemens was my age and hitting just as well. There was no proof that either Clemens or I would come around, so anytime you can get a bona fide winning pitcher for a guy who hasn't done much, it looks like a good deal."

Even the Cardinals' proud general manager, Bing Devine, concedes that there was an element of chance involved. Brock had hit .263 and .258 in two seasons as a Cub and was hitting .251 at the time of the trade. When a fan heckled Devine about the deal, he turned to an aide and muttered, "Yes, why did we make that trade?" He hesitates even now to bask in the reflection of his own brilliance. "It's the biggest trade I've ever made," he says. "It received the worst reviews and turned out the best. A lot of people think general managers make these deals from some ivory tower. But they're never made without the opinion of all of your topflight people. In the Brock case, Johnny Keane, our manager then, was the key man. Talking to him on the way to Houston after a dismal series in L.A., I told him I had a chance to trade Broglio for Brock. He said, 'What are you waiting for?' We both liked Brock's speed and, I might add, his power. After all, he'd hit that home run in the Polo Grounds. But we had no way of knowing then that he'd become one of the alltime record breakers, a Cardinal in a class with Bob Gibson and Stan

continued

Where the job still means Adventure

There comes a time during that senior year when you start doing some pretty heavy thinking about where you're headed.

School has been a long tough haul and now there are a lot of questions about your future. And we have some answers. The Navy Nuclear Power Program is one.

A job that's challenging and demanding. With training in some of the most advanced techniques in the Nuclear Field. The Navy's Nuclear Power Program offers all this, plus a chance to see the world.

We won't promise that it will be easy, but it won't be dull. You'll travel. You'll grow. You'll lead. And be trained in a field of the future.

Call our toll free number 800-841-8000. Learn more about the Navy. Where The Job Still Means Adventure



Musial. I remember when Musial was coming up, all I said at the time was, 'Yes, he does have a nice swing.' "

Depending upon one's allegiance, the Brock-Broglio trade qualifies as one of the best or the worst in history. Broglio almost immediately developed a sore arm. He won only seven games for the Cubs—while losing 19—before his major league career ended two seasons after the trade. Clemons, Brock's contemporary and presumed equal, developed into a steady .248 hitter. Brock hit .346 as a Cardinal for the remainder of the 1964 season and stole 33 bases. With him as a spark, the Cards won the National League pennant and defeated the Yankees, four games to three, in the World Series. Brock hit an even .300 in the Series. The Cards won another world's championship in 1967, with Brock hitting .414 and stealing seven bases against the Red Sox. They repeated as pennant winners in 1968, but lost in the Series to superior Detroit pitching. Not that the pitching seemed superior to Brock. He hit .464 and matched his '67 stolen-base total.

In seven of his 13 years as a Cardinal, Brock has hit better than .300, and he batted .299 in 1967, .298 in 1969 and 297 in 1973. Of the 865 stolen bases he had entering this season, 815 were accumulated as a Cardinal. In St. Louis he became a more polished outfielder, a hitter with a lifetime average just under .300 and the most prolific base stealer of all time. Before he retires, he should also join the exclusive company of players with 3,000 or more hits. As of last week, he had 2,797. There seems little question he will be elected to the Hall of Fame. Assessing his achievements, Brock simply says, "I'm satisfied. And the Cardinals have been the beneficiaries of a good career." You might say that.

At 38, Brock no longer steals bases with the insolent ease of past seasons. Once a 3.4-second runner from home to first—3.1 on a drag bunt—he is now a 3.9 man, which, in his judgment, puts him "just ahead of the crowd." For stealing bases he relies now more on "deception-and-finesse," reaching into a bag of tricks that includes shouting, "There he goes," at unsuspecting catchers on occasions when he has no intention of running. Brock had a remarkable .765 stolen-base percentage for 1,131 attempts entering this season, but he is stealing at only slightly better than .500 this year. As if his

own declining speed were not handicap enough, Brock is convinced, conceding mild paranoia, that "there is a concentrated effort by the opposition to stop me." Catchers, he feels, are calling more pitches, and the pitchers, diabolical as ever, have uncorked a relatively new weapon, the "pitchout pitch," a fastball delivered quickly in the strike zone that can lead to a strike call on the hitter and a caught-stealing for Brock. The pitch can also backfire, because the pitcher, throwing with little motion, cannot put genuine fastball speed on the ball. The discriminating hitter will see it as too far to pass up. And because of the quick wind-up, Brock is not apt to be running.

The pursuit of Wills' record was a much more strenuous exercise for Brock than catching Cobb. But Cobb's record is nonetheless elusive. "I can't relate this to '74 and the Wills thing," Brock says. "There is no framework of time as there always is in a single-season record. This is more like Aaron passing Ruth. It doesn't have to be done right away." And yet the minutes on his calculator-watch tick away. "As you decline in speed, as time goes on, no matter how smart you've become, you have to be on a collision course with reality. You never know when you'll collide. People will say to me, 'Oh, if you don't get the record this year, you'll get it next.' But next year I might be like a 10-year-old horse trying to win the Kentucky Derby. The speed just won't be there. And what purpose would it serve to get thrown out 50 times to steal 20 bases? That would cheapen the record, take the pride of it away. No, time is not on my side. But that's the motivating factor, the challenge of the moment. Can you beat time with a sustained, concentrated effort?"

Brock does not look old. His hair is perceptibly graying at the temples, but his weight has remained constant and his slim body is as hard and muscular as ever, particularly in the arms and legs. However, the erosion is there beneath the surface. By tacit agreement with Manager Vern Rapp, he plays fewer games now, accepting his semiregular status with equanimity. When Garry Templeton, the Cardinals' brilliant young shortstop and a Brock protégé, suffered an arm injury recently, after being hit with a pitch, Brock chided him, "Tonight you'll sit with the old man on the bench."

There is something incongruous about Brock, the business executive, immacu-

late in his three-piece suits, appearing in the post-adolescent atmosphere of the baseball clubhouse after a hard day at the office. He seems more like a representative from the commissioner's office than one of the boys. But he becomes a different man once he dons his uniform. When he reaches base and gingerly leads off a few strides—three and a half, to be precise—toward second, his eyes fastened on the pitcher, his hands fiddling with his waistband, his posture nearly erect, one senses what a force he is. He creates tension everywhere, on the field and in the stands. Something is about to happen. When Brock is on base in Busch Stadium, the fans set up a locomotive yell, "Lou-Lou-Lou," that would do credit to a Big Ten cheering section. And on the outfield fence adjoining the two foul poles, banners hang that read LOU BROCK COBB COUNTDOWN AND LOU-LOU-LOU.

Brock is a presence, and though he seems comfortable in his celebrity, he is also slightly bemused by it. Minutes before the start of a game against the Pirates, he stared up at swarming fans in the stands, as if seeing them for the first time. His businessman's mind seemed to compute their numbers. Then with some wonder in his voice, he remarked to teammate Ken Reitz, "Look at all those people out here just to see a ball game. It makes you feel as if you're in a zoo." Reitz looked at him incredulously.

Before a Cardinal game, two silver-haired men were talking baseball in the Equitable Building bar, a block from Busch Stadium. As is usual with fans of a certain age, their memory was keen in regard to players of 20, 30, even 40 or more years ago, but woefully deficient on some of the newer fellows. For the life of them, they could not recall the name of a Cardinal reliever of only a few years back. Finally, in exasperation, the one behind the gin on the rocks bellowed, "Damn it, I can't think of this guy's name, but I can give you the entire lineup of the 1927 Yankees." And he started to do just that: "Gehrig, Ruth, Meusel, Lazzari. . . ." The bartender interrupted the recitation while placing a fresh drink before the expert.

"Why go through all that," he advised his customer. "There's only one ballplayer around now whose name is worth remembering."

"Yeah, and who's that?"

"Lou Brock."

All three nodded in agreement. **END**

Our Seat Test.



**"It's like forty-seven kids jumping
up and down on your seat all day long."**

Ford Motor Company cars are the result of one tough test after another. Every new seat design gets tested by Bouncing Betsy.

Betsy tests seat springs for Fords, Mercurys, and Lincolns... every kind of car Ford Motor Company builds.

Because you give car seats a lot of tough punishment, Betsy tests them tough 100,000 times!

In a day, Betsy puts more wear and tear



Bouncing Betsy

on a car seat than you would in a year.

Betsy is tough on a car seat. But tough testing makes for tough cars. So at Ford Motor Company, we do a lot of it.



**It's simple. Ford wants
to be your car company.**



Until last month, a 1938 Packard convertible, canary yellow, occupied the most prominent spot in the small parking lot of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club. Its owner, club manager David Huschle, recently sold the car. Too bad. He should have been required to keep it as a condition of his employment, as an inspirational symbol for Shinnecock Hills and days long ago, before the game was defiled by paved cart paths, condominium-lined fairways and college golf scholarships.

Shinnecock Hills, site of the 26th Walker Cup Match (Aug. 26-27), is in the ever-fashionable summer resort of Southampton, 35 miles from Montauk Point, the eastern end of Long Island. The course is stunning, the nearest thing America has to a British links. All the best elements of the game are at Shinnecock: small and firm greens, sandy soil, gently rolling ground, terrifying rough and lush vegetation resplendent with wild flowers. Above all, there is the wind, flowing in off the Atlantic Ocean to the south or, better yet, howling in from the northwest and Great Peconic Bay. Golf without wind is an invalid exercise.

Roughly speaking, there are two schools of golf-course architecture—penal and strategic. Penal means you suffer damnably when you make even a slight error. Pine Valley is the Taj Mahal of the penal discipline. Strategic architecture provides for alternate routes and broader expanses on the way to the ultimate target, the hole, which may be protected by fearsome putting-green contours. The Augusta National Golf Club, intended by Bob Jones to be a pleasantly heroic course for his friends, epitomizes the strategic approach. Shinnecock is most definitely penal.

Indeed, the course is not a lot of fun—except for the scenery—if you don't hit the ball very straight. Alistair Cooke, whose unfulfilled ambition is to maintain a 12 handicap, contends that the course was designed by Lady Macbeth. On the other hand, great players are often enraptured by Shinnecock. Ben Hogan, never known for effusive praise, said warm things about the old layout—such as, "Each hole is different and requires a great amount of skill to play properly," and, "I think it is one of the finest courses I have ever played."

The course record, from the back tees,

is 65, set by Ben Crenshaw during a casual round in the fall of 1973, just before he turned pro. Crenshaw, a golf-course freak, was treating himself to a pilgrimage to the game's shrines as a last act of fealty to amateurism. Asked if he thought Shinnecock would be a legitimate U.S. Open course, putting aside the problems of manpower, gallery flow and parking, Crenshaw says, "You bet. It would be great. And there should be no television towers. A U.S. Open from Shinnecock should be on the radio."

Shinnecock predates the broadcasts of Graham McNamee, Ted Husing or Bill Stern. It reeks of the history of the game. The first version of the course was laid out in 1891, and consisted of 12 holes designed by Scottish pro Willie Dunn, who had been imported for that purpose by the club's founders. (Another Scot, Charlie Thom, became Shinnecock's pro in 1906 and remained so for 55 years. Now 96, he still resides on the club grounds.)

Dunn hired 150 Indians from the neighboring—and still existing—Shinnecock reservation as laborers. Many years later Dunn wrote, "The place was dotted with Indian burial grounds and we left some of these

continued

Golf fans who have never made a pilgrimage to St. Andrews will find Long Island's Shinnecock Hills, site of next week's Walker Cup, a worthy substitute

A LINK TO SCOTLAND

by FRANK HANNIGAN

In 1891 Shinnecock engaged Stanford White to build the country's first golf-course clubhouse.





SHINNECOCK *continued*

inact as bunkers in front of the greens. We scraped out some of the mounds and made sand traps. It was here that the Indians buried their empty whiskey bottles, but we did not find this out until later when playing the course. One never knew when an explosion shot in a trap would bring out a couple of firewater flasks, or perhaps a bone or two."

The course was an instant hit and Dunn soon laid out six more holes. Shinnecock historians vehemently claim the layout was completed during 1892, making it the first 18-hole course in America. This claim is disputed just as vigorously by the Chicago Golf Club, designed by Charles Blair Macdonald, winner of the first bona fide U.S. Amateur championship in 1895. Macdonald insisted that the last six holes at Shinnecock were not actually in play until after his Chicago course was finished in 1893. The dispute rages and the U.S.

Golf Association refuses to render a decision.

The second U.S. Amateur and Open championships, in 1896, were both staged at Shinnecock (for its first three years, the Open was not much more than a 36-hole tag-on to the Amateur). The Shinnecock members, while generally happy with the experience, were mortified by the low scores (eight players broke 80 in the first round of the Open) and they set about lengthening the course from less than 5,000 yards to 5,493. It has been ever thus with clubs and their members.

Among the contenders in the 1896 Open was young John Shippen, whose father was a black minister and whose mother was a Shinnecock Indian. Shippen worked on the labor crew that built the course. The USGA record book has always pointed with pride at Shippen's performance as the first participation by a black man in a national golf event, although there is a counterargument that he was an Indian. In any event, the im-

migrant Scottish pros who composed the balance of the field weren't exactly wild about playing with either an Indian or a black. A USGA edict that either Shippen would play or the Open would be canceled was decisive. He finished in a fifth-place tie at 159.

The club's ladies dominated the earliest national women's championships. In the very first Women's Amateur, in 1895, Mrs. C. S. Brown of Shinnecock shot 69, paused, and then played the back nine in a very nifty 63 to win by two strokes with 132. The next three Women's Amateurs were won by Beatrix Hoyt, a granddaughter of Salmon P. Chase, who was Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury and later Chief Justice of the United States. Miss Hoyt, the game's first female teen-age phenom, won the first of her three consecutive titles when she was 16 and gave up competitive golf at 20. She eventually became a landscape painter and a sculptress of animals.

When it came to constructing a clubhouse, Shinnecock's founding fathers



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY DOCKE

cares Course at Hot Springs, Va., this country's most treasured course in a range of mountains, is a Flynn work. In addition, Flynn redesigned both The Country Club at Brookline, Mass. and Cherry Hills, near Denver, next year's U.S. Open site. Shinnecock also benefited from the gifts of Dick Wilson, who was to do important golf-course design on his own. Wilson was the field construction chief for Toomey & Flynn on the Shinnecock job.

Only a handful of minor changes have been made since—a few bunkers added and two tees extended. There is just one water hazard, a pond between the drive zone and the green on the par-4 6th. Played from all the way back, as it will be for the Walker Cup Match, Shinnecock will have a par of 70 and be only 6,740 yards long. How big is the Mona Lisa?

Shinnecock has an unusual number of trees for a course sandwiched by an ocean and a bay.

The Match will mark the first time Shinnecock Hills has been widely exposed to public view. Not that the club hasn't had other chances. It passed, quickly, an opportunity to entertain the ill-fated Dow Jones Open, a one-year \$300,000 classic, and was later asked by Pro Tour Commissioner Deane Beman whether it might be interested in entertaining the recently revised version of the World Series of Golf. The club said it might consider the opportunity if all the administrative burdens were handled by the pros, because Shinnecock's membership is relatively small and predominantly seasonal. Beman said his group didn't have the manpower, either.

Shinnecock's president, H. Virgil Sherrill, says the club asked the USGA to bring the Walker Cup competition to Shinnecock, because "we wanted the satisfaction of seeing a group of very good players on what we consider one of the nation's best and most classic courses." They will and it is.

END

didn't fool around. In 1892 they erected the first (undisputed) building commissioned as a golf clubhouse. They selected the elegant and brilliant Stanford White as their architect. White's original building has been enlarged since 1892, but the renovations were done with care and taste. When you play the par-5 16th, walking directly up the slope of a superb golf hole toward White's handsome structure, it's hard not to think, "When and why did we start to build ugly buildings and golf courses in America?"

The Shinnecock course also had to be altered at the end of the 1920s because much of it lay in the path of an extension of the Sunrise Highway. The club's governing body purchased adjacent land and the firm of Toomey & Flynn was engaged to lay out an entirely new course. Partner Bill Flynn handled the design. Flynn, who had much to do with the evolution of precious old Merion outside Philadelphia, had more than a touch of genius. The Cas-



Holes like the 14th with its unpermeated rough and seaside vegetation give the course a Scottish air.

Merit Solving Smoker Dilemma.

'Enriched Flavor' breakthrough ends search for "low tar, good taste" cigarette.



LOW TAR-ENRICHED FLAVOR

For years, smokers had to choose between real tobacco flavor or low tar.

Until MERIT.

Until a breakthrough in tobacco science resulted in a way to boost *natural tobacco flavor* without the usual corresponding increase in tar.

The result was 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

Marty Stone is doing what other baseball fans only dream about. Before almost every Boston home game, he slips into his very own Red Sox uniform (No. 54), goes out to the mound at Fenway Park and pitches batting practice to Yaz, to Jim Rice, to the Boomer, to Pudge Fisk, to Fred Lynn. But that's not enough for Stone, not by a long shot. Now he wants to buy the team. Because he just happens to be a multimillionaire, he may pull it off.

If he does, it would be merely another of the 49-year-old attorney's many distinctions. He was on two of Nixon's enemies lists, took a fling at running for governor of California, helped start Common Cause and a number of other organizations and made a bundle of bucks along the way. After all that, most men would be happy to sit back on their yachts and sip Chateau Margaux. But Stone much prefers a 20-minute stint on the mound followed by a couple of Fenway franks and a beer in the grandstands. "A lawyer at a cocktail party kept asking me why I do it," Stone says. "Finally I asked him what he does to unwind. Play squash? Drink martinis? I shag flies and throw batting practice."

"Of course, there's a lot of fantasy involved, but I guess I'm one of those people who never grew up," says Stone, who when he was 18 hitchhiked from Los Angeles to his birthplace, St. Louis, because the Cardinals had a 17-game homestand. "When I'm shagging flies, I imagine all sorts of dramatic things. When I'm pitching to Yastrzemski or Lynn or Rice, I like to pretend it's in a game. I even make bets with Lynn that he can't hit a homer off me. Once in a while I win. And once in a while I get a little carried away. When the Sox pitching staff was having some problems a few weeks ago, I had a really good sinker and slider one day and started thinking maybe I could help out. Then Don Zimmer yelled, 'Are you trying to make my pitching staff?'" I returned to reality."

Stone admits that his predilection for hanging around ball parks dates back to the time immediately after his graduation from UCLA, when his father persuaded him to go to law school instead of trying for a pro career as a catcher. For the next 15 years his baseball was limited to

the sandlots. In 1965, Stone was asked to join a group that was purchasing the Braves, but missed out on the deal because it was closed while he was on a bicycle tour through Europe. A couple of years later, the owners invited him down to spring training to work out.

"A bunch of us were out on the field in uniform when Paul Richards, who was then the general manager, ordered all the owners and their 'bluppety friends' off the diamond. I was over on another field throwing to Clint Courtney, the catching instructor, when the last batting-practice pitcher had to quit for some reason. Henry Aaron, Felipe Alou, Joe Torre and Deron Johnson were waiting to hit, and Courtney sent me out there. Aaron was the first big league batter I ever pitched to. The next day my name was listed as a regular batting practice pitcher, and I was addicted."

"I'd throw to the Braves when they'd come out to Los Angeles. Then one day Walter Alston asked me how come I was working with the opposition. I'm one of your stockholders," he told me, so I began regular work with the Dodgers." Stone subsequently went to spring training with the Angels and the Expos. In 1974 he moved to Boston for business reasons and took up with the Red Sox. That got him onto the 1976 All-Star team or the American League's batting pitcher, and it also would have gotten him to all the '75 World Series games. "I had to turn down the Sox' invitation to go to Cincinnati," says Stone. "We had a stockholders meeting those three days, and it would have been hard for the president of a company to tell his investors that he couldn't be there because of conflicting batting practice." The Red Sox voted Stone and Artie Nowell, the team's other batting-practice pitcher, Series shares of \$1,000 apiece. That cost Stone money, because he matches his income from the Sox (\$15 a game during the regular season) and gives the total to the Jimmy Fund.

Stone's company is Monogram Industries, which among other things makes airplane toilets and electrical insulation. When he took over Monogram in 1961, it was grossing \$5 million a year. Its gross is now almost \$200 million.

Because of his opposition to the Viet-

His biggest pitch is yet to come

Marty Stone, Boston's batting-practice hurler, is planning to buy the Red Sox



nam war, Stone became involved in politics in the '60s. He was chairman of Eugene McCarthy's 1968 California presidential primary campaign, co-chairman of one of Tom Bradley's two successful races for mayor of Los Angeles, and of California's Muskie for President organization. That pretty much explains how Stone ended up on Nixon's enemies lists. He founded the Urban Coalition of Los Angeles, helped John Gardner set up Common Cause and ran Boston Mayor Kevin White's Youth Employment Program. He was asked to run for governor of California in 1970, but declined because of what he considered the futility of challenging incumbent Ronald Reagan. In 1973 he agreed to campaign for the office, but soon found that he had lost his taste for politics. Instead, Stone decided to move to Boston to be closer to the majority of Monogram Industries' factories.

Stone now concentrates on baseball during his spare time, and in recent months a lot of his energies in that area have gone to putting together an offer to purchase the Red Sox, who are expected to sell for about \$16 million. The trust established by the estate of the late Thomas A. Yawkey will accept bids for the Sox up until 1 p.m. on Sept. 1, and Stone and his group of eight Boston businessmen are considered to be one of the four most serious contenders. Stone's competition is expected to come from combines headed by former Red Sox outfielder Dominic DeMaggio, Boston businessman Jack Satter and San Francisco 49ers owner Edward DiBartolo.

"I've always wanted to own a ball club," says Stone, "but if I do get it, baseball people will run it, not some hitting-practice pitcher."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 7-13)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST

Neither rain, nor Dodgers, nor Expos, nor Cubs could stay the Phillies (6-0) from stretching their winning streak to 10 games, one short of the club record. Despite rain delays of 1:03, 2:27 and 1:26, they waded past the Expos during a doubleheader, winning each game 6-1. Larry Christenson won his sixth straight in the opener with a two-hitter. Four

homers—two by Greg Luzinski—provided Jim Lonborg with more than enough support in the soggy second game, which ended at 3:25 a.m. with roughly 5,000 of the original crowd of 46,664 on hand. Steve Carlton (17-6) did more than pitch as he stopped the Dodgers 3-1 and the Cubs 10-3. Against Los Angeles he retired eight batters on strikes and 11 on grounders, picked Davey Lopes off first base twice, had two hits and drove in the winning run with a 400-foot sacrifice fly. Against Chicago, Carlton socked a two-run homer. Luzinski added his 30th home run in that contest, and Tim McCarver had his third and fourth. Another pitcher who helped himself at the plate was Jim Kaat, a 10-5 winner over Montreal as he chipped in with a single and two doubles. With Gary Maddox out with a shoulder separation after crashing into a fence, Bake McBride took over in center field, batted .444, had 11 RBIs and beat the Cubs 10-7 with his third homer of the week, a three-run shot in the 11th inning.

Suspensions and injuries left the Pirates short-handed, but they still won six of eight games. Shortstop Frank Tomars was fined and suspended for five days by League President Chub Feeney for having thrown his bat at Cincinnati Pitcher Joe Hoerner the week before. Outfielder Al Oliver was fined and suspended for four days for his behavior following a play on which he was ruled out by Umpire Bruce Froemming for missing first base on an apparent double. Incensed by the call, Oliver stormed toward Froemming. Pirate Coach Al Moniak intercepted him, but Oliver's momentum caused a collision with the ump. Three injured Pirates contributed to a two-run last of the ninth that overhauled the Cubs 7-6. Renne Stennett (pulled leg muscle) singled, Phil Garner (swarmed wrist) ran for him, and Jim Fregoso (injured finger) hit a sacrifice fly to tie the score. Ed Ott then drove in the winning run with a triple. Ott also had another game-winning blow, a sacrifice fly in the 18th inning that downed the Cubs 2-1. Jim Rooker beat New York 3-2, lashing three hits, sealing third base and scoring the winning run. And the Pirates moved into second place as Jerry Reuss shut out the Mets 7-0 and Bill Robinson hit his 18th homer and drove across four runs in a 9-1 rout.

In a week of altercations and injuries, the Cubs (2-5) suffered the most. Mick Kelleher, Steve Ontiveros and Jose Cordero all sustained minor wounds during a scuffle with the Padres. The brawl began when San Diego's Ovee Kingman barged into Second Baseman Kelleher to break up a double play. Other injured Cubs were Joe Wallis (broken finger in a motorcycle crash), Bobby Murcer (bad heel), Bill Bonham (stiff shoulder), Ivan DeJesus (sore forearm), Jerry Morales (aching knee). Rick Reuschel was bothered by a bad back and, after not having yielded an earned run at Wrigley Field in 51 innings, gave up four homers there to the Phillies in

2½ innings. Some of the walking wounded persevered, though. Murcer slugged his 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st homers, and Cordero his third. And Bill Buckner, who has played with two pulled hamstrings, a sore wrist and a throbbing ankle that was operated on during the off-season, hit two home runs and batted .375. Still, Chicago, which had led by 8½ games on June 28, tumbled to third place.

Only half a game behind the Cubs were the Cardinals (5-1), who have had the best record (18-6) in either league since the All-Star break. Butch Metzger continued to excel in relief, saving two games and winning another. In his most recent 10 outings, Metzger has had three wins and six saves. His latest victory came when he held the Expos to one hit in three innings. Mike Anderson gave the Cardinals a 1-0 win with a single in the 10th.

The most serious casualty of the week was Felix Millan of New York (1-7). After Ott of the Pirates slid hard into second base, Millan belted him with a solid right-hand punch. Ott retaliated by slamming Millan to the ground, separating the second baseman's right shoulder and fracturing his collarbone. Only a 4-1 win over St. Louis by Nino Espinosa kept the Mets from an all-losing week.

The Montreal medical report was equally discouraging. Wayne Garrett went on the disabled list with damaged knee ligaments. Dave Cash was knocked out with an ankle sprain, and Ellis Valentine took to crutches because of a swollen ankle. "What we need is a pitcher to go out and throw nine shutout innings," said Expo General Manager Charlie Fox. So Wayne Twitchell pitched nine shutout innings. A lot of good it did. Twitchell was removed from the scoreless game for a pinch hitter, and the Expos went on to lose to the Cardinals 1-0. Warren Cromartie spared the Expos from a winless week when he singled for a 6-5 victory over the Padres.

PHIL 68-44 PIT 68-40 CHIC 49-52
STL 65-51 MONT 52-64 NY 47-67

NL WEST

"We're going to catch Cincinnati," said rejuvenated Cesar Cedeno of Houston (2-4). Helping to keep the Astros within five games of the Reds (page 16) was Cedeno, who had a homer, a single, four doubles and five RBIs during 8-6 and 7-5 wins in San Francisco. Although bothered by a sore arm, Enos Cabell was also instrumental in those victories, collecting six hits and scoring five times.

There seemed to be no catching the Dodgers (3-4), however. Reggie Smith unloaded his 21st homer, Ousty Baker his 20th, and Rick Rhoden (13-7) blew his fastball past the Reds for a two-hit, 1-0 victory.

Rookie Catcher Gary Alexander hit .438, drove across eight runs and homered twice from San Francisco (4-3). The error-prone Giants did not commit one as they swept a doubleheader from Houston. Jim Barr notched

his 11th win and Gary Lavelle his 16th save as the Giants took the opener 4-3, and rookie Bob Knepper won the nightcap 5-0.

Relievers had a hand in all the wins for San Diego (6-2). Rollie Fingers earned his 25th and 26th saves and eighth victory. Dan Spillner preserved an 8-6 decision in Chicago, and Rick Sawyer was a 2-1 winner over Atlanta. Manager Alvin Dark revealed that for more than a month he has had Pitching Coach Roger Craig flash signs to Padre pitchers from the bench. "The pitchers don't like it, but I've only done it when I had a young pitching staff or an inexperienced catcher," Dark said. "Craig is the first pitcher I've had who has called the signs. He calls the pitches for everyone except [Randy] Jones and Fingers. They know how to pitch." Jones finally gave some indication of being over his arm trouble, giving up three runs and six hits in 5½ innings in an 8-6 win over Atlanta. "I threw the sinker harder than I've thrown it all season, and for the first time since last year I could actually see it sink," said Jones, who got 14 of his 17 outs on grounders. "Now it's just a matter of regaining stamina. I'm not worried about my arm anymore."

"I feel I'm capable of being the best pitcher in the league." No, that was not Randy Jones still talking. That was Dick Ruthven (4-8) of Atlanta after he had beaten Montreal 6-2. "The main thing is to develop myself mentally in order to be in the class with guys like Tom Seaver, Steve Carlton and Don Sutton," Ruthven added. Other Atlanta (2-4) pitchers also displayed a need for development, two of them ending successive 2-1 losses in San Diego by walking Padre batters with the bases loaded. Jeff Burroughs slammed his 29th and 30th homers in losing causes, but Rod Gilbreath hit a grand slam in the top of the ninth and drove in all the Braves' runs as a 5-2 win over the Dodgers.

LA 70-46 CIN 58-57 HOUS 64-63
SF 53-64 SD 53-67 ATL 41-73

AL EAST

The Red Sox (4-1) continued to walk up homers and lengthened their lead to 2½ games. Bernie Carbo snapped a 1-1 tie in Oakland with a home run in the ninth, and Fred Lynn added a three-run drive to make Rick Wise a 5-2 victor. Carbo also clouted a two-run pinch homer in the eighth for an 11-10 win over the Angels, who had led 10-5 in the seventh. Jim Rice's 30th homer—his 20th at Fenway Park—added Wise as he won again, this time 7-2 over Seattle. Then the Sox connected for four home runs as they trounced the Mariners 13-6. George Scott, Butch Hobson and Dwight Evans hit successive homers in that game, the 14th time the Sox have hit two or more consecutive homers in one inning this season. The 1964 Twins hold the league record of 15.

Tight pitching and clutch hitting gave Baltimore (5-2) a lift. Ross Grimsley allowed only four singles as he defeated Cleveland 3-1. Jim Palmer, who got a shot of cortisone for his aching arm, silenced Oakland 6-1 with a two-hitter. Homers by Ken Singleton and Elliott Maddox made Rudy May a 5-4 winner over Seattle. The Orioles' other May—Lee—polished off the Mariners 4-3 with a two-out, two-run single in the bottom of the ninth.

Mike Torrez and Reggie Jackson had their finest weeks for New York (5-1). Pitching with the three days' rest he prefers, Torrez beat Seattle 7-1 and defeated Oakland 3-0 on two hits. Jackson hit his 20th and 21st homers, threw two runners out from right field and ran the bases aggressively. Chris Chambliss had three home runs, two as Catfish Hunter beat the Angels 10-1 on a six-hitter.

Detroit (4-3) held a two-game lead over Cleveland in the fight for fourth place. Dave Rozema beat Milwaukee for his 12th triumph, and Milt Wilcox held off Minnesota 2-1 as Steve Foucault came on to earn his second save of the week. For offense, the Tigers relied on Jason Thompson's three homers and Ron LeFlore's .379 hitting.

Only a first-inning triple by Cecil Cooper kept Dennis Eckersley of the Indians (4-4) from his second no-hitter of the season as he beat the Brewers 2-0 in the first game of a doubleheader. Cleveland took the second game 5-4 when Rico Carty doubled in the ninth.

Ten errors and weak hitting (just three homers) kept Toronto (1-5) bogged down. Thus far, the Blue Jays have committed 115 errors in 112 games. Jesse Jefferson stopped the Twins 6-2 with the aid of home runs by Doug Auld and Roy Howell, who hit .476 during the week.

An almost funeral air enveloped the Brewers (4-5) as they fell to sixth. "No one can ever believe how tough it is to live through this," said Club President Bud Selig. "There are sleepless nights and endless worry." After failing to hit in the clutch, Don Money told a reporter, "Write that I sunk." Cecil Cooper said, "Ol' Man River isn't rolling. He has come to a screeching halt." But the Brewers ended the week on an upbeat note, topping the Indians 6-1 as Money hit his 17th and 18th home runs and Ol' Man Cooper has 13th.

BOS 67-44 BAL 66-48 NY 64-50 DET 52-61
CLEV 50-63 MIL 51-67 TOR 39-73

AL WEST

The South Side Hit Men, otherwise known as the White Sox (3-4), cost owner Bill Veeck a bundle of dough. Each time they homer at home, Veeck's exploding scoreboard sees off \$104.98 worth of pyrotechnics. But Veeck was glad to foot the bill, especially after Lamar Johnson's second homer of the game came in the

ninth and gave Chicago a 5-4 win over Seattle. And he was ecstatic the next day when the Sox took a Comiskey Park record with six homers while drubbing the Mariners 13-3. After slipping from first place for a day when they lost to the Rangers 10-7, the Sox beat Texas 6-5 as Richie Zisk slammed his 24th and 25th homers. During the week, the Sox had 14 home runs (four by Oscar Gamble) as they raised their total to 148, which is 10 more than the club's best previous season.

The Twins (1-2) were the team that briefly passed the White Sox as they outlasted the Tigers 12-11. A grand slam by Rod Carew and a three-run homer by Mike Cuyabage were the big blows for Minnesota. A 2-1 loss in Detroit the next night dropped the Twins back to second. Dave Goltz (15-6) disposed of Cleveland 11-1 and Toronto 7-3.

Hal McKee hammered his 15th homer as Kansas City topped Texas 4-3 and his 16th in a 9-8 victory over Toronto. Another one-run win was accomplished when rookie John Wathan singled in the ninth to upend Chicago 3-2.

Fourth-place Texas (5-2) was just two games out of first. The Rangers have been 30-14 since Billy Hunter became manager, and with good reason. Hunter put his Rangers through a "mini spring training" in which they worked on fundamentals for 10 days. Since then, they have committed few blunders.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TOMMY JOHN: The Dodger lefty had three hits—one a homer—while shutting out the Reds 4-0 on two hits and the Braves 11-0 on four. That gave him eight straight wins, a 14-4 record and a league-leading 2.50 ERA.

ders and have summed so often they have become known as "Hunter's Burners."

Bobby Bonds of California (5-3) hit four homers, giving him eight in nine games in two weeks and raising his total to 29. His 29th belted Paul Hartzell and Boston's 11-game winning streak (7-3); his 14 runs batted in gave him the league lead with 88. Nolan Ryan (17-10) struggled to a 6-4 win over the Royals and a 6-5, 12-inning decision in New York.

Although they belted eight home runs, the Mariners lost all seven of their games.

Oakland bats hit only 168, but did come through with 11 hits to dump Baltimore 9-6 and end a 14-game losing streak, the team's longest ever. Newcomer Jerry Tabb, a first baseman for the A's (1-6), drove in four runs in that game. Rookie Mitchell Page set a league record with his 26th consecutive steal that day, and winning pitcher Rick Langford struck out 11 batters.

CH 66-47 MIN 67-49 KC 64-48 TEX 64-49
CAL 56-57 SEA 48-70 OAK 43-71



With a hocker goal in the background, Ref Norton spots the 15-oz ball on his front lawn bald.

A game any number can play

And more and more people are enjoying John Norton's eclectic new pastime

score, suited to all ages, sizes, sexes and skills, requires minimum equipment and expenditure and can be played on any terrain, indoors or out. So far they do not claim it will clear up dandruff and cure the common cold, but the game is still in its infancy.

The rules of hocker admittedly have been drawn from several other sports. It incorporates basketball's dribble, soccer's footwork, volleyball's punch, football's kick and a tennis-like scoring system. But unlike some of the games that inspired it, hocker has no time-outs, no clocks and very few referees' whistles. It is, according to John Henry Norton, the sport of tomorrow.

Hocker first took shape in Norton's lively imagination about 20 years ago, when he was looking for a game that could satisfy the competitive urge of his entire family. "When kids are small," he says, "it is difficult to find a game you can play with them that they can be successful at right away, and that you can enjoy playing, too."

At the time, Norton's family consisted of his wife Marjorie, and their seven children, ranging from tots to teenagers. Since then the clan has been increased by the birth of two additional Nortons and the adoption of five others of Chinese, Vietnamese and Indian origin. Although the family is still too small

to field two formal hocker teams of nine players, the game can be played informally with any number. Once 35 enthusiasts turned out for one of Norton's regular weekend games on the 100-by-60-yard hocker field in front of his Fairfield, Conn. home, and everybody lived to tell about it.

"That's one of the great facets of hocker," says the 52-year-old Norton, who has made a fortune as a lawyer and a pharmaceuticals and real-estate entrepreneur. "It is rough enough to be exciting, but not rough enough for anybody to get hurt. The ball is standard 16-inch rubber playground ball, is soft so that even if someone is hit in the face with it, no damage is done."

Hocker goals are scored from both sides of two portable white plastic 9-foot goalposts that are set 60 yards apart. The ball may be propelled by hand, foot or by any other means, over, under or between the two horizontal bars on the goalposts. A goal counts from one to five points, depending upon how it is made. Seven points wins a game, two out of three or three out of five games wins a set.

"The only other equipment you need is a pair of sneakers," Norton says. "Tackling is not allowed, and only one-arm pushes are permitted, so there is no need for cleats, helmets or pads. That's important, because I've seen a lot of injuries caused by the very equipment that was supposed to prevent them."

Norton speaks from experience. A fullback, he captained the 1942 Columbia College freshman football team and, after transferring to Cornell, made the Big Red varsity as a sophomore, only to be put out of action for most of that season by a knee injury caused by his cleats. At various times in his athletic career he also played baseball and hockey and boxed, a fact that is evident from the spread of his nose. At 5'7" and 168 pounds, he is square of build and in excellent shape, which he maintains by daily jogging and wind sprints and weekly hocker sessions.

Norton grew up in the State Street extension section of Fairfield, which is a long way down the economic ladder from his 14-acre estate on North Cedar Road. "We never had any money," he says, "but there was always a big crowd hanging around our house."

As there is in his own. Children and animals seem to be everywhere. Before

When Harry Hopman decided this spring that his tennis hopefuls needed more conditioning than they were getting on the courts, he put them on a hocker field. When the University of Bridgeport neglected to include hocker in its 1977 intramural program, the students protested until hocker was added. When the national Boys' Clubs of America discovered hocker this summer, the game was soon introduced to its 1,100 affiliated clubs. School systems in California, Connecticut and Florida began playing hocker last semester. Miami-Dade Junior College had its own hocker clinic, as did Southern Connecticut State College. Five physical-fitness and athletic journals have recently published articles hailing hocker as a superb conditioner, and the Muscular Dystrophy Association will stage a celebrity hocker game this fall.

Hocker? Yes, hocker, and to listen to some of its proponents, goodbye to soccer, volleyball, basketball, jogging and the Monday Night Game of the Week. Hocker has something for everybody, they say. It is fast, fun, easy to learn, simple to

the Saturday morning hocker game, an army of Nortons appears to vacuum the house, wash the clothes and take care of all the other chores that must be completed before playtime. Jobs are listed on schedules displayed in the hallway, alongside tutoring schedules of comparable length. Norton has definite views on education. He believes much of what is being taught in schools today is a waste of time. In keeping with this philosophy, several Norton children were allowed to abandon formal schooling when it threatened to interfere with talents the family considered more important.

The most notable Norton dropout is 20-year-old Beth, who in 1975 was ranked No. 1 among 18-and-under girl tennis players in the U.S. Now a fledgling pro, Beth has played at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. Tim Norton, 22, has also appeared on the pro tennis tour, but in recent months has devoted much of his time to coaching Beth and one of his adopted sisters, Sue Ming, who is playing the junior New England circuit.

"Tennis was considered a sissy game when I was growing up," says John Norton, who was 43 when he first swung a racket, "but then I learned that tennis, like hocker, was another game we could all play and enjoy."

No sooner had he taken up tennis than Norton installed an outdoor court and equipped it with lights. Then when New England winters began cutting into the family's court time, he built one of the handful of private indoor courts in the country. From the outside, it looks like a colonial dairy barn. Inside it is spectacular, clearly worth its \$150,000 price tag. Three ball machines are on the sidelines along with several shopping carts of balls and a scale model of a hocker field outfitted with miniature goalposts, grandstands and tiny plastic players.

The model is part of a presentation Norton is currently making to corporations, in the hope that one of them will decide to promote hocker worldwide. "All sports have to start somewhere," he says. "A hundred years ago there was hardly any baseball or football. I've watched hocker develop from a strictly family game to a team sport, and I am convinced that someday it is going to be bigger than either baseball or football."

That is a pretty big order, but then, Norton is accustomed to doing things in a pretty big way.

END

Introducing Kentucky Club Continental Blend. The tobacco Europeans refuse to believe is American.



American? No.

Even with a name like Kentucky Club,[®] Europeans still think our new Continental Blend pipe tobacco is one of their own. And for good reason: We made it their way. Kentucky Club Continental Blend is a smooth, mellow Cavendish cut. Made of carefully selected air-cured burleys, combined with rich, ripe Virginia tobacco, it's blended in the slow, age-old continental manner. The result is a remarkably mild smoke with all the full-bodied flavor and aroma of an import. And none of the bite. Of course, besides our name, there's something else that'll tell you we're not imported. Our price.

New Kentucky Club Continental Blend. Compare it to whatever imported tobacco you're smoking now and we'll bet you'll never import your tobacco again.

Tie one on

At work or play, once you tie on Evans Moc Toe Sahara[®] Boot you'll never lace up anything else. Soft plantation crepe sole topped with the finest sage shag leather. Available at most fine men's shoe and department stores.

Or write, we'll tell you where.



Evans
CASUALS

Made in the U.S.A. by L.B. Evans' Son Co., Wakefield, MA 01880

An outfit known as the International Federation for Information Processing held the world chess championships last week, and although there were television lights in the hall, running commentary over a mike and delays in the action, there wasn't a single complaint by the players. As a matter of fact, the players didn't mind at all. They were computers.

The occasion was the second World Computer Chess Championships at Toronto's Hotel Toronto. Sixteen programs from eight countries fought it out while an overflow crowd cheered. International Master David Levy did play-by-play, and the programmers talked and joked even as their computers broke down. Suddenly, chess was in danger of becoming a social event.

But computer chess is more than a sideshow, and when chess masters get over their knee-jerk objections to playing machines, they will discover that computers are the best thing to happen to the game since the Fischer boom. The best programs are no match for masters, but someday they may extend the frontiers of chess knowledge. Freed from stereotyped lines of play, computer programs create bizarre and unexpected variations. They play wild and woolly games, alternately veering into winning and losing positions. And in their present, erratic state, they sometimes make more human errors than humans. A computer once took 86 minutes to ponder a move that was in the book.

The history of chess-playing machines dates back to 1770, when Baron Wolfgang von Kempelen unveiled his automaton at the court of Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. The machine consisted of a desk with a chessboard on top manned by a human-like figure dressed as a Turk. It created an instant sensation. It was not until half a century later, after Napoleon among others had played it, that the Turk was exposed as a fake manipulated by a man inside. The first uninhabited computers that could play an acceptable game of chess came out in the 1950s, but the chess Establishment held them in contempt until 1976, when Northwestern University's CHESS 4.6, the brains of Control Data's beige-colored CYBER 176 computer, beat all-human fields in the Minnesota Open and California B division tournaments.

Now controversy has replaced contempt. Among the spectators in Toronto

Let's go, big beige machine!

Playing by the numbers, U.S. program CHESS 4.6 masters the rest of the world

was Mikhail Botvinnik, 66, the Soviet world champion for 13 years. Botvinnik, who is working on a program of his own, says, "Man is limited, man gets tired, man's program changes very slowly. Computer not tired, has great memory, is very fast." Disagreeing was 92-year-old Edward Lasker, the first master to play against a computer. "Some thoughts you can't program," he said.

Chess is computerized much the same as anything else. All the vital information—material value, board squares, mobility—is given numerical value, with the machine striving for maximum worth. Set to analyze as many as one million variations a move and plan eight moves ahead, the best computers can outplay their programmers, especially in complicated tactical situations. They are weaker at what programmers call "heuristics"—the ability to approximate human thinking—and fall down in such areas as position and spatial relationships.

Just how far computers have come, the overflow crowds in Toronto hoped to discover in the expected showdown between CHESS 4.6, the North American champion, and the Soviets' defending world champion KAISSA, which is named after the goddess of chess. Unfortunately, the match short-circuited. The Soviets took the chance of reprogramming their computer a few weeks before the tournament. They failed to discover a bug, and it cost them an opening-day match with an aggressive Duke University program named, inevitably, DUCHESS. Because the tournament was being played under the Swiss system, with winners playing winners and losers

playing losers, the big U.S.-U.S.R. match didn't come off. CHESS 4.6 sailed by DUCHESS in the third round and met Ma Bell's own BELLE in the finals.

Perhaps it was just as well. BELLE was every bit as lovable as Star Wars' R2-D2. Asked by its programmer, Ken Thompson, if it would beat 4.6, BELLE spewed out a lengthy answer from the *I Ching*. An excerpt: "The Prince shoots at a hawk on a high wall. He kills it. Everything serves to further." Alas, 4.6's program was further along. Watching it gobble up BELLE, University of Minnesota computer scientist Warren Stenberg remarked, "The pawn structure looks like a horde of Brazilian army ants." In a special exhibition the following night, CHESS 4.6 beat KAISSA, establishing itself as the world's best, and its young programmers, Larry Atkin (31) and David Slate (32), as the game's new hotshots.

Even announcer Levy was impressed, and he is just a year away from winning a \$2,000 bet that he can go a decade without losing to a computer. "I'd need odds the next time," he said. Added Monty Newborn, author of *Computer Chess*, "Seven years ago the best players came to laugh. This time they came to watch. Seven years from now they'll come to learn."

The United States Chess Federation, which has been slow to acknowledge computer growth, recently voted to allow computers to take part in human tournaments but has not decided whether computers will be allowed to win prize money. If computers ever dominate human play, they may eventually be restricted to their own tournaments. Will they reduce chess to a mathematical formula? No problem yet. There are as many variations to a chess game as there are grains of sand in the universe.

"The first time I saw a computer it was playing in a Massachusetts tournament," says Shelby Lyman, who did television commentary during the Fischer-Spassky series. "I never saw a more depressed person than the guy who was playing it. Finally, the thing got to the end game and lost. I went around saying, 'Boy, is that thing stupid.' That was 1972. Now I'm impressed."

"If computers became better players than people, I would be delighted. I mean, why not? It wouldn't stop humans from playing. Someday computers could help the top masters. Why should we be afraid of such things?"

END

For me it's low tar, not low taste.

Most low tar cigarettes are a tasteless version of something else. Not Winston Lights. Winston Lights have low tar. But they also have taste. If you're sacrificing taste for low numbers, you're smoking the wrong cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston Lights. Winston Lights 100's.

The sole Pole for the Sol

The El Paso/Juárez Sol is not a joke, thanks to Polish Olympian Ed Skorek

The good citizens of El Paso do not tell Polish jokes. They tell Polish sagas about this tall, tanned pogo-stick Pole who is superb at the game of *siatkowka* (volleyball), who in 1974 led his country to the world championship in Mexico and who in 1976 led his country to the Olympic gold medal in Montreal. His name is Edward Skorek, and al-

though his spikes and blocks will not be remembered as long as Chopin's nocturnes or Conrad's novels, he is an artist.

So how did Skorek become a hero in El Paso, which is the sort of place where you'd expect people to know more about tamales and high school football than volleyball? Through a fledgling professional league called the International Volleyball Association (IVA) and its local franchise, the El Paso/Juárez Sol ("sol" is pronounced soul and means sun in Spanish). The sole Sol Pole is not the only foreigner in the league—there are other Poles, as well as Yugoslavs, Canadians, Mexicans, Brazilians and Peruvians on the rosters of the seven teams—but he is indisputably the best at his position.

In the IVA each team has two women who receive serves and try to "dig" opposing spikes, one male setter who puts the nine-ounce ball above the net in just the right place for one of his teammates, and three male hitter-blockers. Unlike amateur volleyball, there is no rotation, so Hitter-Blocker Skorek is always at the net, always a threat, except when it is his turn to serve. Then he smacks the ball from behind the end line and sprints 30 feet to the net in the manner of a hard-serving tennis player.

The Sol plays its home matches in the Civic Center, where public-address announcer Paul Strelzin wanders wherever he likes with his wireless, battery-operated microphone, leading cheers and exhorting the team to greater efforts. When the Sol needs an extra bit of inspiration, the musicians strike up the *William Tell* Overture, and Strelzin gallops around the arena astride a broomstick equipped with a toy horse's head. When Skorek does something special, Strelzin brandishes a green flag, which he says is emblematic of "Polish Pickle Power."

"Skorek is amazing, a true world-class player," says Wayne Vanderburg, president and general manager of the Sol. "His spikes are unbelievable, and sometimes he surprises us all with his dunk shots. He winds up like he's going to pop that ball, then just dunks it."

The Sol's player-coach is 28-year-old Tom Read, a junior high school physical education teacher in Mission Viejo, Calif. "I'm in awe of Skorek," Read says. "Picture that you're the rookie manager for the Atlanta Braves and your idol, Henry Aaron, walks in the door to play for you. And you're 28 and he's 34. I saw Eddie on my first international trip

He's always been the master to me."

Skorek, an amiable man whose English does not match his Polish or Italian, claims to be 34, but some IVA people, perhaps influenced by his receding hairline, think he is several years older.

Whatever his age, he has been around. He is from the medium-sized town of Tomaszów-Maz, about an hour's drive from Warsaw. In addition to playing for the Polish national team, Skorek starred for club teams and studied at Warsaw Institute of Physical Education, where he met his wife Bogta, a very attractive woman who was Poland's all-around gymnastics champion in 1963.

Skorek and his teammates came in fifth at the Mexico City Olympics in 1968 and ninth at Munich in 1972. Then in 1974 they perfected a system—an extremely difficult one—in which a hitter, usually Skorek, approached the net, observed how the opponents were setting up to block and called a play—all while the ball was in the air between the serve receiver and the setter. The Poles won the World Games in Mexico that year, an accomplishment that ranks as Skorek's biggest thrill, and they were still far enough ahead of the rest of the world to win the Gold at Montreal. Skorek was captain of both teams.

The IVA was just beginning operations in 1974, and it made offers to some of the Poles on the world championship team. Skorek declined, but his compatriot Sean Gosciniaik, a superb setter, joined Santa Barbara. He played two seasons with the Spikers and this year is with the Phoenix Heat, for which he keeps busy setting (and the P.A. announcer keeps busy pronouncing) Yugoslavs Miodrag Gvozdenovic and Cedo Dragicic.

After the Montreal Olympics, Skorek returned to Italy as player-coach for a team in an "amateur" league but then succumbed to a chance to live and play a summer in the United States. He insists that he is getting only expenses from the IVA, thus retaining his amateur status in Italy and Poland. The Sol has put up Skorek, his wife and their two small sons in a two-bedroom apartment in El Paso.

To no one's surprise, the 6' 5" Skorek was an instant success with the IVA. He has the lift-off of a rocket, and he somehow manages to watch the ball and everyone on the opponents' court at the same time. On defense he is an expert at



stuffing opponents' spikes back down their throats. In his IVA debut against Phoenix—and his old friend Gosciniak—Skorek had 28 kills in 45 attempts (Anything that reaches the opponents' floor is a "kill"; it doesn't matter if it's a dink, a mishit or a howitzer shot that shakes the building's foundation.) In another match he was 27 for 45 and had 10 stuff blocks, not too bad on a team with only a so-so setter, Jose Lopes of Rio de Janeiro.

Skorek's premier IVA performance came last month against Santa Barbara, which has a dynamo hitter of its own in Jose Luis Garcia Sanchez of Mexico. The Pole had 51 kills in 69 attempts, a league record, plus six stuff blocks. Then, at the All-Star match in Denver, where he was reunited with Gosciniak on the East team, Skorek was voted the Most Valuable Player.

The latest IVA statistics show Skorek first in kills, first in stuff blocks, second in "attacking attempts," second in "attacking efficiency" (a rating that includes attempts, kills and errors), fourth in "attacking average" (kills per attempt) and second in service receiving (he is the only man among the 11 leaders).

Clearly, one of the finest athletes in the world is performing in the U.S., but not many are aware of it. Bigger crowds turn out to see ex-NBA star Wilt Chamberlain in his occasional appearances with the Orange County Stars than show up to see Skorek. IVA attendance is up more than 77% from last year, but the two cities pulling the biggest crowds, Santa Barbara and Denver, still are averaging fewer than 3,000 a match. Three of the teams in the league, Orange County, Phoenix and Tucson, play in high school gyms, and there are no teams east of El Paso and Denver. The IVA schedule also is short—36 matches per team plus the playoffs.

The league is surviving because James L. Bartlett III, the man who runs the IVA and who has modeled it somewhat after a fast-food restaurant chain, has put a ceiling on spending: \$150,000 per franchise, with a salary limit of \$55,000 per team.

It appears that the IVA will live to play again next summer. It wouldn't hurt the league's chances for success, of course, if Skorek chose to return for another season. The IVA shouldn't let Skorek say no, even if it has to award a franchise to Tomazow-Maz.

END



The year-round dark beer.

Glass after glass—there is only one dark beer that gives you this consistently wholehearted character and great taste, any and every time. It's Heineken Special Dark Beer. Brewed and bottled in Holland. Heineken tastes tremendous. No wonder it's America's #1 imported beer. Exclusive U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., N.Y., N.Y.

It's a site for sore eyes

After the 1960 Winter Olympics left, Squaw Valley's cozy little Village became moribund, but now it is gaining a new lease on athletic life as a training center

Seventeen years after it hosted the Winter Games, Squaw Valley, Calif. is once again the scene of Olympic activity. At the little mountain village near Lake Tahoe, the U.S. Olympic Committee has done what it should have done years ago: provided a year-round training site for athletes in all Olympic sports. At Montreal, the U.S. dropped to third in the overall medal standings—not only behind the U.S.S.R. but also behind East Germany, a nation whose population is about 8% of this country's.

For the past three months, athletes have been moving into Squaw Valley to begin their preparations for the 1980 Games in Moscow. They are, in a sense, pioneers, because the complex does not yet have all its projected facilities. The dormitories at the Olympic Village have been cleaned, carpeted and curtained, but for the time being many of the athletes are driven to high school facilities 10 to 15 miles away for training. However, Squaw Valley does have something which, until now, seemed much harder to come by: a sports medicine complex with an array of mechanical devices designed not only to treat injuries but also to test an athlete's potential. This equipment has been donated by corporate sponsors, including a treadmill contributed by a West German company.

The first group of athletes, 93 soccer players, arrived for a two-week session in May and immediately produced a new feeling of vigor and revival in the community. In 1960, the resort had gained worldwide fame with its "cozy Olympics," but it failed to take full advantage of the phenomenon. Skiing was a source of revenue in the winter, but in the summer Squaw Valley snoozed alongside an enormous empty parking lot.

Three American banks held the mort-

gage on the Village, and last October the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation of New York offered the property to the USOC. Colonel Don Miller, the executive director of the committee, and Doug Dunlop, director of planning, inspected the facility and, says Dunlop, "We decided to take as much of Squaw Valley as we could." By December, the USOC signed a \$1.8 million lease for the Village (\$12,500 a month over a 12-year period with an option to purchase). It also acquired the right from the Forest Service to operate Blyth Skating Arena for \$22,500 a year with the stipulation that the USOC would get credit for improvements. The committee budgeted \$350,000 for the first year of operation, counting on corporate contributions to help cover expenses and salaries. Doctors and assistants in the sports medical complex are volunteers. Athletes and coaches are put up free of charge; traveling expenses, however, are the responsibility of the governing bodies of each sport. In June, 94 women basketball players went to Squaw Valley at their own expense to try out for 24 spots on two junior teams. Only those chosen had a free ride from then on. A group of seven dedicated kayakers, a breed hardly accustomed to pampering, drove to Squaw Valley from the California coast in their own cars. Once there the kayakers trained mostly on their own, because their national coach, Andy Toro of El Cerrito, Calif., could not leave his job as an engineer except for occasional weekend visits.

Colonel Miller appointed Lew Whiting, a 50-year-old retired Army colonel who once ran the Modern Pentathlon training camp at San Antonio, Texas, as the center's director. Whiting arrived last April, with only six weeks to refurbish

the Village before the first soccer players arrived. Two of the four dormitories are now in use, providing handsome lodgings for more than 300 athletes. A spacious dining room has opened for business at Olympic Hall, originally the Olympic recreation building. The billiard and Ping-Pong tables and a small outdoor swimming pool are in almost constant use and the Coca-Cola machines dispense free drinks. "It's quite a bit like a mini Olympic Village, without the tremendous pressure of the Games," says Whiting.

The athletes who come to Squaw Valley usually stay for two- or three-week sessions. What can be achieved in that time? Plenty, say those who have been there. "The athletes are exposed to different coaching techniques than they are used to," says Bob Davis, the University of Arizona swimming coach who worked with 18 swimmers at the 25-yard pool of Truckee-Donner High School, 10 miles down the road from the Village. "In the past, our swimmers often had difficulties adjusting to such a change. Here they are getting exposed to it. Furthermore, most of the swimmers who come to Squaw Valley are the best on their clubs back home. They have no competition. Here they train with people of their own ability."

Billie Moore, the women's basketball coach at UCLA who headed the team that won a silver medal in Montreal, says, "In the past, we used to have training camps just a couple of months before the Olympics or the Pan-American Games. That was clearly not enough. Now we have a development program going, with youngsters aged 16 to 19 who will be prepared for 1980."

The training facilities now in use include playing fields and a cinder track at Truckee-Donner as well as playing fields and a gymnasium at North Tahoe High School. For the rowers, canoeists, kayakers and sailors there are Donner Lake and Lake Tahoe. The USOC has leased vehicles to transport the athletes to the sites. If the traveling is an inconvenience, it also is a taste of what the athletes will have to put up with at the Olympics, where competition sites are usually a bus ride away.



Renovated Blyth Arena will feature several sports, says Colonel Lew Whiting, director of the center

The most recent infusion of money was a \$100,000 grant from the Economic Development Administration, enabling the Village to plan for its own 400-meter track, a 50-meter pool and playing fields. A large Quonset hut is being converted into a wrestling and weightlifting facility. Blyth Arena still needs a fourth wall, because at the time of the 1960 Olympics an IOC rule stipulated that the skating events had to be held in the open air. With a portable wooden floor, the arena can be used for other sports as well, as it was recently for an international basketball tournament. "There are certain other things the Federal Government could do," says Colonel Whiting. "We hope to get more financing for a number of facilities, including a speed-skating oval and a luge and bobsled run." (Currently, the country's only bobsled run is at Lake Placid.) "It also would be nice if big companies like Ford and General Motors came up with tax-deductible donations," says Dunlop, so that "eventually, we could train all 30 Olympic summer and winter sports here."

Until such dreams come true, the center's major asset is the sports medical complex. Upon arriving, most athletes undergo a physical examination. The head trainer is Bob Beeten, who quit his

job as a track coach and trainer at Idaho State last May because, "This is a worthwhile project which has been needed in this country for a long time." When serious problems arise, Beeten has physicians on call, including Dr. Dick Steadman, an orthopedic surgeon at the South Lake Tahoe hospital. There is also an exercise physiology department run by Dr. Fritz Hagerman who used to teach at Ohio State. Among Hagerman's gadgets is a Cybex machine. Sitting in a chair, an athlete kicks up a lever attached to the shin—once for an explosive effort and then continuously for 45 seconds as a test of endurance. The machine records the output of strength on tape. "The muscles are required to contract at different speeds," says Hagerman. "If, for example, an athlete scores high in the single explosive contraction test, then he has high muscle strength and is best suited for events of a similar nature, such as the high jump. If he performs better in the continuous contraction test, then he might be better advised to aim for one of the endurance events, such as soccer."

Hagerman does not expect a high jumper to become a soccer player as a result of the test; his aim is to measure the athlete's potential in his chosen event. "We want to establish a profile on each

of them," he says. "We would like to, say, take a group of 30 oarsmen aged 16 or 17 who have developed in their sport to a certain degree. After the tests we can say, O.K., 10 of you have the potential to compete at the international level, the others are average. I think in the past we have often hesitated to be realistic with our youngsters, to tell them the truth. We don't want to discourage the average athlete, but I think it's important that we can recognize exceptional talent." Hagerman's findings are further complemented by computerized biomechanical analyses. When all the data are in, the medical staff of the center devises programs tailored to individual athletes, using, among other things, equipment donated by Universal Gym Inc., a circuit of 46 stations featuring various exercises designed to strengthen every part of the body.

The sports medical program at Squaw Valley was put together by Dr. Irving Dardik, a cardiovascular surgeon at the Englewood, N.J. hospital and a member of the USOC medical staff at Montreal. His Olympic experience provided the incentive for Dardik to seek a scientific approach to developing world-class athletes. "At the last Olympics," he says, "the U.S. athletes were psychologically at a disadvantage because they didn't have a sports medicine program to help them. They were insecure. Frank Shorter, after he had won the silver medal in the marathon, said that he might have won had he had a doctor. Now we've got a program going."

Plans are already under way for more training centers, with Lake Placid, site of the next Winter Games, a logical location for a winter sports program. Later this year Colorado Springs will open a center much like the one at Squaw Valley. Bob Mathias, the 1948 and 1952 Olympic decathlon champion, who will be its director, has been studying the facilities at Squaw Valley. Mission Viejo, Calif. and Baton Rouge, La. also want to get into the act.

"Why not more camps all around the country?" says Dunlop. "We just joined the 20th century. After having been in its infancy for 36 years, the USOC is finally in the business of athletics." **END**

Sure way to get his goat

For every \$25,000 Governor Skipper wins his owner buys him a goat. The colt collected two more with an Adios score

This is the same thing as winning the Stanley Cup," chortled William Wirtz, president of the Chicago Black Hawks. "It feels just as exciting." Not that Wirtz is much of an authority on what it feels like to win the Stanley Cup, no one with the Black Hawks having experienced the sensation since 1961. But Wirtz could be forgiven for failing to keep his exuberance on ice last Saturday afternoon at The Meadows racetrack near Pittsburgh.

His 3-year-old pacer, Governor Skipper, had just won the prized Adios, putting the colt in the front row of his class. And like any man who has known his share of defeats (the Wirtz family also owns the Chicago Bulls basketball team), the triumph was oh-so-much tastier. Besides, there's something about the human makeup that makes a person delirious when a horse—to which wallet and ego are strapped—wins. "You maybe get a horse like this once in a lifetime," Wirtz said. He owns the colt, a homebred, with his father and brother.

In the first heat, Governor Skipper paced the mile in the world-record time of 1:54½ for 3-year-olds on a ½-mile track. That is 1½ seconds better than the record set at The Meadows last year by Keystone Ore and Ambro Ranger, and ¼ off the all-age standard set by mighty Albatross in 1972 as a 4-year-old.

In the final, Skipper was headed by Nat Lobell some 50 yards from the finish, then showed the want-to come back and win, as Wirtz described it, "by a good hair." Or closer. For as Skipper's

driver, John Chapman, came under the finish wire in 1:56½, he hollered at John Kopas, driving Lobell, "You beat me." Replied Kopas, "I think so, too." The photo showed otherwise.

Skipper had been among the very good ones all year, and he twice was clocked in 1:55½. Before the Adios, he had earned \$132,893 this season and almost \$250,000 in two years. Still, he seemed to be making a career of poor racing luck and had too many seconds and thirds that would have, could have or should have been firsts.

When Skipper was posted the winner, the colt's trainer, Buck Norris, broke into tears. Which was approximately what he did several years ago when he first saw Skipper, a tall, gangly animal that stood sort of funny. "Yeah, well, you might say crooked," offers Norris. After Norris recovered from his depression, "I told myself the important thing was not how he stands but how he picks his feet up. He picks his feet up perfectly."

And on Saturday put them down just as nately, which was glorious stuff for Wirtz the owner and for Wirtz the promoter. As any sports big shot worth his private box knows, the important thing is to win, but if you can't, then dazzle the folks with silliness—with exploding

scoreboards and Bat Days. It was in this spirit that Wirtz disclosed not long ago that for every \$10,000 Skipper won, he would buy the colt a goat because he "certainly has a way with them." It's folklore around barns that horses like goats. But as money winnings climbed, Skipper collected nearly as many goats as Jehoshaphat. So Wirtz announced that he would get Skipper one only for every \$25,000 he won. Wirtz promoted the idea, he says, because "people like stories about goats."

Everybody did like the story. But there were problems at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, Skipper's home, where it was discovered that the horse doesn't like his goats, particularly the females. But Wirtz plans to keep buying the animals, in hopes that Skipper's attitude will change. There are now about 18 in the herd. Each costs 75¢ a day to feed.

Given Skipper's performance in the Adios, the goats are in no danger of starving. In his qualifying division, the colt was the second choice of the bettors at 2-to-1, behind Kawartha Eagle, driven by Stanley Dancer. Eagle had once been thought to be the class of the 3-year-olds, but he suffered bowed tendons while training in Florida, which delayed his development this season.



Nat Lobell (2) paced past Skipper in the homestretch, but the colt battled back to win by a nose

Leaving from the six hole, Dancer hustled an unruly Eagle to the front and generally kept him there until the stretch, when Skipper paced past easily, followed by Super Clint, a 49-to-1 shot driven by young Kopas. Eagle was third and Jonquil Hanover, driven by George Sholty, was fourth. For Sholty, it was the beginning of a trying day, for he was roughed up during the race by Kopas. Race officials posted an inquiry and ruled that Kopas had interfered. They reordered the finish: Skipper, Eagle, Jonquil and Clint. "I didn't complain," said Sholty, "and I wouldn't have filed an objection. But John did get a little excited and ran underneath me."

Kopas slid his colt swerved when Thorpe Messenger, driven by Delvin Miller, hit the rail and scared Super Clint. Miller said he hit the rail when Dancer forced him over there. And so forth. When things go wrong, there's always plenty of blame to go around.

In the second heat, the competition looked keener. The field included Jade Prince and Nat Lobell, colts that finished one-two in the Cane Pace earlier this summer and are trained and raced by the Canadian father-and-son team of Jack and John Kopas. (Super Clint is the third pacer in the Kopas bumper crop.) Then there was Crash, driven by Billy Haughton, who seemed ready to race after a spotty season, and Glen Garney's Striking Image. There were plenty of whispers: Jade's always iffy left knee had acted up during the last month and fluid had to be drained off; Nat Lobell had been out 21 times this year, perhaps too much. Striking Image had kicked off a shoe and put a nail into his foot the day before the race.

Striking Image got to the top by the half-mile pole, overtaking Crash. But as they turned into the homestretch, Crash was back in front. Meanwhile, Nat Lobell had been gliding along in third, and now he brushed up on the outside and forged past his tired rivals, winning in 1:56. Crash finished second, and Jade Prince, who had done most of his racing in the fifth spot, was third, ahead of 82-to-1 shot Inner Circle. Striking Image was a worn-out sixth. Only the top four from each division qualified for the decisive heat.

Skipper drew the No. 1 post, which

continued



MR. JACK DANIEL put his distillery by this Lynchburg cave spring, even though it meant shipping whiskey from Tullahoma.



You see, there wasn't any railroad in Lynchburg. But there was this iron-free spring that was just right for making whiskey.

Mainly, the spring and Mr. Jack's charcoal mellowing process have accounted for Jack Daniel's uncommon smoothness for the past 111 years. A sip, we believe, and you'll be glad we still don't mind hauling our whiskey over to Tullahoma.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

YOU CAN DO IT



You can learn to take great pictures in 42 seconds. With the new Pentax ME.

The new Pentax ME is the smallest, lightest, easiest-to-use, fully automatic 35mm single lens reflex camera ever made.

All the complicated calculations a pro goes through, the Pentax ME does for you. Automatically. Precisely. Instantly. With its electronic brain.

You just set, focus, shoot—and get great pictures. It's as easy to use as a pocket camera, but it's built to satisfy the most demanding pro.

If you want to be sure to capture fast-moving events (dancing, running, a ball game, a baby's first steps), you can add on the ME Auto Winder. It advances the film automatically. Far faster than you can by hand. So you can get a series of shots of all the action. You'll be doing rapid-fire shooting. Just like the pros.

If you want special effects such as telephoto or wide angle shots, you can choose from among 40 different lenses. Then, as your knowledge of photography grows you can build a totally professional Pentax ME system.

Go see your photo dealer today. Ask for the 42-second demonstration. He'll show you how easy it is to get great pictures with the new Pentax ME.

Of course you can do it!

PENTAX
CORPORATION

200 Westcott St., Bldg. 1, Springfield, MA 01103



HARNESS RACING continued

was a big advantage, and the fans made him the 4-to-5 favorite. Lobell was the second choice. Chapman and Skipper took charge at the start and the race charts show they led wire to wire. They didn't. For in the hard-driving finish, Lobell got his head in front. Seldom does a horse regain first place under these circumstances, the sting having been taken from him, but Skipper did. Both drivers hung around the winner's circle until the finish was flashed. Kopas saluted his rival and Skipper's winnings of about \$42,000. Or 1.68 goats.

Jonquil Hanover had fallen at the finish after catching a shoe, hurling Sholtz headlong down the track, but neither man nor beast suffered serious injury. The other losers were their usual controlled selves. Haughton said of Crash, "I think we got all we could." Jack Kopas said of Jade Prince, a disappointing sixth, "I have no excuses. We weren't good enough."

The sentimental choice had been Delvin Miller, the founder of The Meadows and creator of the Adios, named after Miller's exemplary pacing sire. Delvin has won everything, just about, except this race he created. But if he couldn't win the race, or even come close—Thorpe Messenger was last in his heat—he could make sure parties were nonstop during the Grand Circuit week that his wife, Mary Lib, calls Grand Circus week.

Yet, Governor Skipper was a popular victor. Trainer Norris, after 25 years in the business, had his first big winner and said, "Boy from I-o-way makes good." Rock Rapids is proud. Driver Chapman, another of the Canadians making it big in harness racing (more than \$14 million in winnings, sixth on the alltime list), had his most noteworthy triumph since winning the Roosevelt International in 1974, and his first big success in the Adios. "When I don't get a kick out of winning, I'll quit," says Chapman, who, as a schoolboy, was offered a hockey scholarship in Toronto.

There was talk at The Meadows that Governor Skipper will be sold soon. Says Norris, "Mr. Wirtz gave \$3 million for a lame hockey player (Bobby Orr). Now, do you think he has to sell Skipper?"

Whatever, come next month and the biggest pace of all, the Little Brown Jug, the smart money gives Skipper a lot more than a goats of a chance.

END

Decisions...decisions... Make your decision

PALL MALL



PALL MALL GOLD 100's
The great taste of fine
Pall Mall tobaccos.
Not too strong, not too light.
Not too long. Tastes just right.



PALL MALL RED
with a filter.
America's best-tasting
king-size cigarette...
made to taste even
milder with a filter.

Lower in tar than
all the Lights.
Only 7 mg. tar.



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
The low tar with the
taste that could only
come from Pall Mall.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

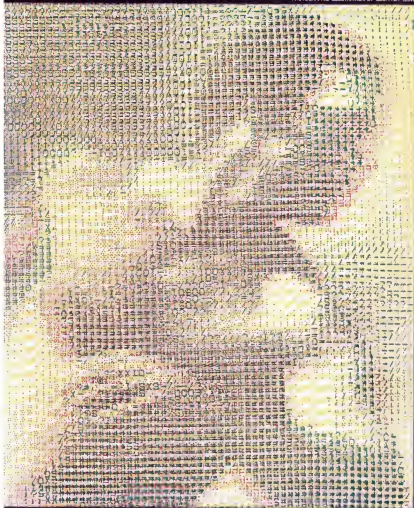
Pall Mall 100's ... 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Filter King ... 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Extra Mild ... 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

GIDEON ARIEL AND HIS MAGIC MACHINE

If you want to run
faster, throw farther or jump
higher, call on
this electronic mastermind,
who will photograph you in action,
digitize the moving parts of
your body and feed the data into
a computer, which in turn will
spew out reams of athletic
advice no human
authority can provide

by KENNY MOORE





CONTINUED

COMPUTER

continued

"Faith" is a fine invention
When Gentlemen can see—
But Microscopes are prudent
In an Emergency.

—EMILY DICKINSON



round Amherst, Mass., colleges run into colleges—the University of Massachusetts, Hampshire, Amherst, Mount Holyoke, Smith—leaving little room for a real town. The population is incessantly changing, fresh ideas flowing through a setting that has a history of assisting clear thought, elegant patterns. Emily Dickinson wrote and is buried here, and Robert Frost's birches are still bending.

Working today in Amherst is a man who would hardly consider himself poetic, but Gideon Ariel has been a leading figure in taking the great raw minds of computers and bringing them to bear on movement. In so doing, he has for the first time let us see the line and meter

of human motion. Sport can never be the same.

In the first place, it seems that we have been proceeding on a false assumption. We have believed that trained observers can discern the crucial elements of athletic performance, that coaches can see what their athletes are doing wrong. "The human eye cannot quantify human movement," says Gideon Ariel, ponderously, because he is a big man who threw the discus and shot for Israel in two Olympics, because he still struggles with his Hebrew accent after 14 years in this country, and because that sentence is the foundation of his revolutionary advance. "The important things in performance,

the timing, the relative speeds of dozens of limb and body segments, the changes in centers of gravity—these all must be measured, weighed, compared to be of any use."

Ariel is a natural teacher, reaching always for images so vivid the dumbfounded or skeptical will be forced to see. "Compare coaches with bridge engineers," he says. "Suppose an engineer finishes the bridge and says, 'Wait, remove that beam.' You ask why, and he says, 'I took a survey of 100 drivers, and 75 said it looks better without the beam.' That is how coaches coach. What looks best. But if an engineer did that there would be a lot of cars in the river. And he would



It took Ariel more than 10,000 hours to program his computer to analyze an athlete's motions

find himself in the nuthouse, because he is required to measure the strength of his materials and design against the weight of his load."

People are subject to the same physical laws as bridges. Indeed, Leonardo da Vinci believed mechanical science the noblest, "seeing that by means of it, all animated bodies that have movement perform all their actions." Isaac Newton described the laws of motion in 1700, but not as vibrantly as does Gideon Ariel. "It doesn't matter if you lift a cow, or throw a chair, or punch your girl friend. Everything is according to Newtonian physics."

The problem, until now, has not been that we haven't believed this; it has been that too many things happen too fast for us. The sheer complexity and velocity of a javelin thrower's movement in the final quarter second before release, for example, preclude comprehension of what is going on.

Technology helps. One of the earliest uses of photography was to settle the turn-of-the-century question of whether all four hooves of a galloping horse ever were off the ground at once (they are). In the 1930s, high-speed cameras provided slow-motion photography to offer a clearer view of the action. Dozens of limb and body parts accelerating and decelerating could be seen and measured and charted against one another. Patterns of successful athletes began to appear.

"The better the athlete, the more sophisticated his timing," says Ariel. "The one basic principle of all sports—hitting or kicking balls, punching, throwing, jumping, breaking karate bricks—is a coordinated summation of forces."

But so delicate are the relationships between an athlete's many moving parts that they cannot be assessed simply by looking at the slowest of motion pictures. A process of frame-by-frame, body segment-by-body segment analysis is necessary to make optimum use of cinematography, work that is painstaking, dreary and absurdly time-consuming. Gideon Ariel gave that work to the computer and suddenly the maddening complexity of

human motion could be matched by the awesome memory and speed of the machine. Well, not quite suddenly. It took Ariel some 10,000 hours over seven years to create the programs that instruct his computers. Now he offers the sporting

world a chance to lift itself from, as he puts it, "the dark ages, a witchcraft business where everything is made of thin air." Over those years, Ariel transformed himself as well, from a carefree discus thrower to a compelling, capricious fig-

continued



Digitizing, Ariel uses his sonic pen to determine the coordinates of javelin thrower Bill Schmidt.

ure, half academy lecturer, half medicine-show barker, a character entirely appropriate to spark the gap, to complete the circuit between science and sport.

Gideon Ariel is a fleshy man, with direct, hazel eyes and a shock of black curls graying at the temples as he enters his 39th year. His accent bears a resemblance to that of Alan Arkin playing Freud in *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, but he shouts more. Occasionally brilliant explanations to visitors or students

numbers meant little to him, but not Ariel's interpretation. "He pointed out that my front leg was absorbing energy that could go into the throw," says Wilkins. "I had to begin to change my whole conception of throwing. I used to think I had to put as much of my speed as I could in the direction of the throw."

Ariel, citing Newton's law about every action requiring an equal and opposite reaction, said no. "It's vital to have everything stopping in the discus. In the

record, eventually reaching 232' 6" and winning the Olympic gold medal at Montreal. He continues to throw, calmly maintaining he has not lived up to his potential, and for once that is a judgment supportable with clear evidence.

Shotputter Terry Albritton's mistake was similar to Wilkins'. "That front leg has to be the solid block you throw from," says Ariel. "What Terry was doing, bending that knee, was like trying to throw from a trampoline or shoot a cannon from a canoe." A year ago Ariel told Albritton he could be the next world-record holder if he'd stop doing that. A month later Albritton was the next world-record holder, with a put of 71' 8 1/2".

Sometimes the camera and computer happen upon events that bluntly refute accepted theory. Long jumpers have all trained by rising to their toes under heavy weights, strengthening their calves for the last push from the board. Ariel's analysis showed, however, that the best jumpers don't point their toes until the pushing foot is already two feet off the ground. "Far more important than the jumping leg is the free leg," says Ariel. "It and the torso accelerate as the planted leg decelerates. Then the jumping leg is yanked off the ground. That leg isn't pushing, it's trying to catch up."

In a study of Kansas City Royals pitchers, another commonsense belief fell to clear measurement. "You'd think if the forearm muscles that flick the wrist were stronger, you'd move the wrist faster and throw harder," says Ariel, illustrating by flapping a limb in the manner of a rather aggressive princess thrusting her hand out to be kissed. "But no. Because of the whip action, the concentration of force from the legs and back and shoulder, the forearm is like the end of that snapping towel, the wrist snaps far faster than any muscle can contract. It just goes along for the ride, so it is absolutely useless to train the wrist."

No sport is immune to Ariel's iconoclastic examination. Not long ago, he and his staff spent 4,000 hours analyzing the behavior of tennis balls, filming them at 10,000 frames per second as they struck rackets and assorted surfaces.

"Tennis people think they can feel the ball on the racket. They talk as if they can do things to control it then," says Ariel, waving an imaginary racket. "We



After Terry Albritton quit bending his left knee on Ariel's advice, he set a world record in the shot.

are followed by awkward silences because his Hebraic rhythms have made "qusts" and "kets" of quartz and cats. Because photography is crucial to biomechanical analysis, Ariel speaks often of "filiums." But it is Ariel's work, not his speech, that has made him a hero to hundreds of athletes.

In November 1975 the U.S. Olympic Committee assembled the 12 best American discus throwers in Los Angeles where high-speed cameras photographed them in action. The film was flown to Ariel's lab in Amherst, where he calculated the forces and accelerations of the athletes' body segments. Ariel himself flew back to California with the results, plopping 50-to-80-page computer print-outs into the bemused throwers' laps. One recipient was Mac Wilkins. The sheets of

best throws, we found a pattern. It is like using a fly rod, or snapping a towel. You have to decelerate the heavy parts, the legs and the trunk, so you can accelerate the light parts, the arm and the discus." Ariel spoke to Wilkins with special care, because the analysis had shown him generating incredible speed in one section of his spin. "He was like 30% faster than the rest, even though he was dissipating it at the end. But if you see that, you know the potential is there." The computer found that with a perfectly timed summation of his forces, Wilkins could throw the discus 250 feet.

"It seemed a little far at the time," says Wilkins, whose best was 219' 1". Indeed, the world record was 226' 8". But the second and third times Wilkins put Ariel's advice into practice, he broke the world

discovered that a tennis ball is on the racket approximately four milliseconds. Four one-thousandths of a second. Human reaction time is 120 milliseconds or more, so that ball is long gone before anybody feels it. It is off the racket even before the racket gives." Such a sharp jolt obviously packs a great deal of energy into the briefest of moments. "The muscles can't react to it, so the elbow, which is a single plane joint and can't pass any of the shock along, can briefly receive a hundred times the force it does when you throw something. No wonder people get tennis elbow."

The tennis ball study was commissioned by a manufacturer who will use the results to design balls that remain on the racket longer. But Ariel was most fascinated by having to devise a new equation to describe the behavior of elastic objects colliding at oblique angles, because these didn't seem to follow textbook physics. "The point of maximum compression is not the point of maximum force," he says excitedly. The commercial overtones of the research did not hold his interest. "They talk about light balls, heavy balls. Such craziness. All the brands were so much the same it was like they were made by the same machine."

Because so many of the body's reverberations end up in the feet, Ariel has long been interested in athletic shoes. "That is the witchcraft business, for sure," he says. "Shock absorption is the key to better distance running, no question, but look." He flips through a book of data. "Some brands absorb 2,300 newtons, some only 1,000. That range! And the manufacturers don't even know what their own shoes do."

Ariel, using an exquisitely sensitive \$25,000 force plate, which transmits readings of four kinds of pressure—vertical, forward, sideways and twisting—to an oscilloscope, charted the forces of footstrike in different shoes at every point of foot placement. "You see pictures of runners, it looks like they're landing on their heels, but they're not. The good ones don't. They flick the foot down flat at the last instant. All these companies are making wonderful heels and the best runners are never coming down on them." One company, Pony, bowed to Ariel's advice and has brought out a shoe tested in his lab.

Visiting Ariel's office and laboratory, tucked away in a storefront between Erik's Giant Subs and Radio Shack, one sees wonders everywhere, like the electronic display on which he can call up the style of a shotputter or quarterback in the form of a sequence of glowing green stick figures. "You have to be very responsible to change the form of any good athlete," he says. "The better the athlete, the more it seems wrong to fool with him." So Ariel has programmed

cleared 7' 11". So we will one day see an eight-foot high jump."

Bud Greenspan, who produced *The Olympian* series on PBS television, provided Ariel with slow-motion film from 1936. He wanted to know who was the better sprinter, Jesse Owens or Eddie Hart, the present coholder of the world record for 100 meters at 9.9 seconds. Owens had run 10.2 on cinders, without starting blocks, Hart on polyurethane, with blocks, but Ariel saw no



When Mac Wilens heeded the advice of Ariel's computer, he set a world record in the discus

the computer to fool with an electronic copy of the athlete instead, changing angles, timing, even weight, and with each change he computes how performance would be affected. Seeing that, the imagination goes spinning off into a giddy future, where performance can be predicted years in advance, where technique and training can be fitted to individual talents. It turns out that Ariel is already disappearing into that future.

"We examined film of Dick Fosbury winning the Olympic high jump in 1968 and of Valery Brumel jumping his earlier world record of 7' 5½". We found that of the total forces generated, the flop style has a higher vertical component. The computer had Brumel use the flop. Had he known about it when he was jumping, Brumel could have

problem. "We knew the angular displacements, so we knew how many degrees per second their ankle, hip and knee joints displaced. We knew the length of the bones and the speed of the film frames, so we knew how much distance was covered per second. We let each man cover 100 meters and computed the time it took him." The winner? Jesse Owens.

The precision with which Ariel's machines can trace movement patterns has widespread application in injury prevention and treatment. "Any little pain will change the pattern of locomotion," he says. Just now, Ariel has finished an analysis of film sent by the Dallas Cowboys, who wanted to find out if injured players were returning to normal patterns.

The possibilities for rehabilitation, or

continued



Of all menthol 100's:
**First low-tar
with no fake
flavorings.**
**First 100's with
only 4mg. tar.**



**Iceberg
100's Menthol.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

COMPUTER

continued

the teaching of any sort of muscular coordination, are enormous, especially now that Ariel has a little computer that can take instructions from a stick. Unlike the \$8 million University of Massachusetts computer that Ariel dealt with through telephone connections and a Telex keyboard, his new one, the size of an electric stove and costing only \$60,000, displays a set of functions on a screen and the operator selects the one he wants performed by directing a floating indicator light with a lever Ariel calls a joy stick. In a slot goes a black, magnetic insert that can hold nearly a million bits of information. The term for these is flexible diskettes—"floppy disks," in Ariel's argot. "In scientific training, a man will have his own floppy, containing his whole athletic history and an individual program computed for his needs. As he works in the gym or on the field, the computer will monitor him, giving him instant feedback directions ... congratulations." Dr. Gerry Purdy, author of *Computerized Running Training Programs* and one of the few men in the field who share Ariel's dual expertise in computers and exercise science, says of this, "My first reaction is that he's bordering on artificial intelligence. Academically, it's not unreasonable, but from a practical standpoint, it's like *Star Wars*."

Yet clearly the last obstacle to such an instant system is the fact that film takes time to be developed, and video tape is not yet a suitable replacement because of insufficient clarity and speed. But we are at a stage now where a computer can divine an athlete's optimum technique in an event and coach him toward it. "Of course, if a high jumper doesn't want to land on his back, that's another problem," says Ariel. "That's psychology. We can't do anything about that."

Gideon Ariel's own psychology is nearly as fascinating as his science. A clumsy, shy boy, he grew up in a boarding school near Natanya, about 20 miles north of Tel Aviv. Poor in sports, he nonetheless longed to be an athlete, and in 1956, when he was 17, he found that the best Israeli discus man had thrown less than 160 feet. Something clicked. "I can do better than that," he said and embarked upon four years of training, almost demented in his intensity. Speaking to a class at Amherst, he said, "If

you want to be a discus thrower, you have to live with the discus. Carry it with you. Sleep with it."

That is what he did, with both shot and discus, throwing them as much as eight hours a day. "I threw from pictures. Coaches meant well, but one would say one thing, another would contradict him. It was all opinion. How did they know?"

One who knew a lot more than the rest was Dr. LeRoy Walker of North Carolina Central, who later became head coach of the 1976 U.S. Olympic men's track and field team. In the late '50s Walker coached Israel and Ariel. "He told us to do things we never did, like sprints and weight lifting, and we were all so sore after the first day we said, 'This guy is crazy.' But he had a method. He said, 'Go throw 500 times and we will talk. I can't tell you anything now because your variability is so great.' It worked. I got a pattern down and we could go from there. We talked about forces and angles. It was the beginning of a scientific approach."

They also talked about college scholarships, and after Ariel had taken part in the Rome Olympics and spent three years in the Army, he came to the University of Wyoming. "My life was just to throw the discus," he says.

When he graduated in 1966, it was found that Ariel had spent three years at Israel's Wingate Institute, earning a Diploma of Physical Education degree in 1960. He had never thought to tell anyone about it and had thus completed three years of U.S. college athletic competition without being eligible for it. "Wyoming was fun," he says now, "but the coach wasn't like Dr. Walker. It was back to opinion."

Ariel applied to the newly created School of Exercise Science at the University of Massachusetts, got his master's degree in nine months, became an assistant track coach and then plunged into an eclectic set of studies with all the fervor of his early years with the discus. "There had to be 20-hour days for him then," recalls University of Massachusetts Track Coach Ken O'Brien. "I'd find him sleeping at his desk in the mornings. A professor in one of his classes would mention some advance in an allied field, like calculus or cybernetics, and Gideon would go over and take the course."

One such suggestion came from the head of the computer science department. "He said, 'Why don't you apply computers to your mechanics?'" recalls Ariel, who was sick of laboriously tracing every joint on paper, limb by limb, frame by frame. But how? How to find a way of getting all this raw information into the computer? The answer was a device called a digitizer, a screen lined on two sides by 20,000 tiny directional microphones. The coordinates of any point on the screen touched with a sonic pen are automatically registered and fed into the computer. While visiting the Dartmouth Medical School, Ariel happened across one of these instruments, which looks not unlike a movie screen mounted in a console. "Then in 1968 Dartmouth started the computer time-sharing concept. The potential was unbelievable. All I needed was a \$50-a-month rental to put a terminal in my house and I could do anything."

With his keyboard terminal installed, Ariel plunged into writing computer programs. "The whole idea is simple," he says. "Human beings are creative, but we have terrible memories. Computers are dumb, but their memories are perfect. You have to guide them, lead them step by step, channel your creativity through the software, the programs, till you have created a monster. It grows and you have to write more and more programs so it can do more and more things." What sustained those thousands of hours of labor? "It is fascinating work, and frustrating. For example, the equipment in our lab, which comes from 10 or 12 different companies, all had to be electronically interfaced. That was hard to figure out, how to get them working together without burning everything up. The exciting part is the conceiving, the finding out what you think you can do. Then it takes a long time to get the computers to actually do it." In other words, this is exactly like any other worthy craft.

In 1971 Ariel founded Computerized Biomechanical Analysis, or C.B.A., and landed a few contracts testing basketballs for Spaulding and shoes for Unroyal. This allowed him to purchase more advanced equipment. Purdy predicts that Ariel is now about to reap rewards far above professional satisfaction. "If he's solved those problems of practical application, he'll find a ton of marketable uses.

Look what digitizing analysis could do for the sports that are now judged subjectively, like diving or gymnastics. For the first time we could really measure how close a performer comes to perfection. Think of that, we wouldn't have those prejudiced Russian judges in there messing up results."

And there is always the lucrative world of product development. The key to opening it is the software, those valuable programs that are generally not copyrighted (one tiny change in a lengthy series of instructions to a computer obviously can cause drastically changed results). Add the fact that few scientists in the field are business oriented, least of all Ariel, and the situation seems ripe for corporate wrangling. Since receiving his Ph.D. in exercise science in 1972, Ariel has been involved in a train of legal skirmishes with an exercise-equipment company that couldn't stomach his analysis of its product (settled out of court with a public apology to Ariel), and with a colleague and one-time professor over some rights to C.B.A. Possessed of an unshakable faith in his own rectitude, Ariel will surely live out his life as one of those litigation-prone scientists—da Vinci was one—who feel somehow unclothed unless they have six lawsuits pending.

Gideon Ariel does not claim to be a true pioneer in biomechanical analysis. Sweden's Ingvar Fredricson has been studying the motion patterns of standard-bred horses with a computer for 10 years, predicting lameness from minute stride irregularities, and discovering that most trotting tracks are banked too much on the straightaways and too little on the turns, placing dangerous stress on delicate forelegs. At Penn State, Peter Cavanagh is well along in a study of human stride patterns. But as Ed Burke, the U.S. record holder in the hammer throw and a close friend of Ariel's, says, "A lot of biomechanical people are contributing in their own quiet way. Gideon is contributing in his own, uh, inimitable way."

Ariel has had occasion to see what he might have ended up doing had he not harnessed the computer. "In 1972 I was in Spain and met with some East German coaches. I looked at the East German shotputters and saw that they all threw with exactly the same form, as if they had been molded that way. They all lifted their back legs before they re-

continued



Of all filter 100's:

**First low-tar
with no fake
flavorings.**

**First 100's with
only 4mg. tar.**



Lucky 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

leased the shot. I mentioned this and a coach said, 'Oh really? We'll have to correct that.' I said, 'Don't give me that. It's good.' I knew we had something in common, a shared knowledge. Equations of motion are equations of motion. I saw notes from years before. Those men began long before I did. But they'd been doing it *by hand*. Imagine 15 engineers working a month to chart one shotput!"

There are times when Ariel becomes unabashedly sentimental about his U.S. experience, and this memory triggers a paean to the American system. "There was a time when we needed to know relative weights of body segments. We wrote to NASA research and they sent back books of data. No charge. That was a tremendous help. We couldn't have gone on without it. But in East Germany they would say, 'Confidential, classified.' Here, people are open-minded."

As if in recompense, Ariel has offered his services at cost to the U.S. Olympic Committee as it readies for the Moscow Olympics. "Until 1964," he says, "talent alone still worked. Since then sport has been a science, not an art. There is no way anyone is going to beat the talent in this country if it is properly prepared." Since May, Ariel has been spending half his time at the newly opened Olympic Training Camp at Squaw Valley, Calif. (page 46), working with field hockey players, soccer players, women's basketball players, kayakers and swimmers. As usual, he has doled out hours of fascinating advice. What is the optimum free throw? "The more limb segments you use, the more chance for error in coordination," he says. "The best players just use the knees for lift, and flip with the forearm. Simplest is best." In a skill as basic as jumping, Ariel brought about a two-inch improvement in one female basketball player whose coach had had her bending her knees too deeply before ascent.

The ice hockey coaches were reluctant to use Ariel's services until he explained to them, for the first time, just how it is that a slap shot by a small player can attain much greater velocity than a sweep shot by a monster. "The better shooters hit down on the ice behind the puck and bend the stick so it becomes loaded with energy. Then they flick the puck, like this," he said, flipping paper balls at the astonished and somewhat embarrassed coaches.

Indeed, Ariel's findings and progress in biomechanical research present a challenge to all coaches. After he stops calling them witches and predicting that a computer-monitored individual training system will do away with them, he backs down a bit, saying, "I can't coach the Dallas Cowboys, but I can give them more information. I can tell them where and how to hit the other players, how to create the greatest force in blocking, how to brace knees, improve helmets. People cry about removing the art from sport. But they started it. Why do you time a runner, or measure a jumper, or count goals? Maybe we shouldn't. But once you decide to use all those numbers, O.K., let's really use them." This has some added force, said as it is while Ariel dramatically unfolds a printout of thousands of multidigit measures of Offensive Tackle Rayfield Wright's center-of-gravity fluctuations, the paper spilling across his desk and onto the floor.

Ariel's old boss, Truck Coach O'Brien, has thought about the threat he poses to old-school coaches. "Gideon assumes, rightly, that most coaches don't know biomechanics, physics or biology, and haven't got a burning desire to learn. Coaches just use what has seemed to work in the past. It's true that you can't see enough. We see positions, we see lines, but we don't see magnitude, how hard that foot is pushing. If we are willing to admit we're inadequate in those areas, we will use the techniques he has developed."

O'Brien sees a possible source of resentment in the necessity of coaches relinquishing athletes to outside analysts like Ariel. "Nobody likes to share the credit." O'Brien has observed Ariel's presentations to several coaching clinics. "He's a good entertainer. You pretty much have to respond to the force of his personality, so it is illuminating to watch the people when he's done. Some rush him for more and more. They're all saying the same thing. 'Where can I use it? How the heck can we make it available?' The others are turned off. They drift out shaking their heads, sullen."

One sees the same dark clouds on the brows of corporate sporting-goods executives that fogged the brains of Galileo's judges. Science is no respecter of tradition, and Gideon Ariel is a man of pure, almost innocent, science. In his lab is a

scientifically designed shotput shoe. It has laces inside its laces and is twisted, as if a truck had run over it. "Did you ever see anyone put the shot while standing up straight? No. This shoe cocks the foot into position and the double laces save energy. It works." No manufacturer will touch it. "It wouldn't look so good on display," Ariel says. "And how many shotputters are there in this country?"

A maker of golf shoes wanted C.B.A. to prove its shoes were the most comfortable, comfort being the basis of its advertising. Science had other ideas. "What is 'comfortable'?" Ariel demanded. "Does that mean a man can swing better? What if the best shoes for golf shots make a man limp down the fairway? You cannot high-jump in comfortable shoes. You cannot shoot a cannon from a canoe because the canoe is going under the water. . . ." The golf-shoe people departed with pinched expressions. Later they retained Ariel's services, warily.

A ski-boot company once got Ariel up to Vermont to analyze the forces on the ankle joints of a downhill skier. He proposed, for safety, the use of electric strain gauges on the bindings. "It was as if someone said to General Motors, 'Make an electric car.' It was too revolutionary. There is one word that seems to paralyze these people—that is 'retool.'"

Yet Ariel does not brood over temporary setbacks. His company owns outright all of his equipment, so if contracts or grants should dry up, he could press on with research. And his own competitive juices still surge. Recently, he got a call from an old hero of his, Al Oerter, the 40-year-old, four-time Olympic discus champion. "We, he and I, are going to reenter the ring," Ariel says, his eyes gleaming. "We will put him in a more efficient position. We will cut down on shoe friction. We will overcome physiological deterioration with scientific advance!" Ariel listens to his own echoes in the lab. "He was so nice on the phone, I had to say yes. He told me, 'We competed in the same Games.' But I didn't ever make the final."

Ariel—the scientist who is revolutionizing sport with his sonic pens and slow-motion cameras and computer printouts—smiles, seeing, perhaps, a pattern. "I was always too emotional in the big meets."

Invite The DeKuypers to your next pool party. They mix so well.

The DeKuypers mix delightfully in any crowd. In a tradition of quality that goes back to 17th-century Holland, these 33 premium liqueurs are made with choice ingredients, so each can make a partyful of delicious drinks. (Below, five tasty examples.) Bring on The DeKuypers—The DeKuyper Liqueurs—night or day.

Sloe Sizzler
1 oz. Sloe Gin
1 oz. Tequila
Serve in tall glass with
orange juice and wedge
of lemon.

Apricot Shower
1 1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
1 1/2 oz. white wine
Add soda over ice in a tall glass.

Apricot Sour
1 1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
1/4 oz. lemon juice
Splash of soda over ice.

Spring Garden
1 1/2 oz. Apricot
Flavored Brandy
Orange juice over ice.
Add wedge of lemon.

Sloe Fizz
1 1/2 oz. Sloe Gin
Serve in tall glass with
ice and 401 with bitter
lemon. Garnish with
orange slice and cherry.

The DeLicious, DeLightful DeKuypers.

Apricot Flavored Brandy, 70 Proof; Sloe Gin, 60 Proof. Products of U.S.A. John de Kuyper & Son, New York, N.Y.

Whatever your game you can play it better!



Learn from the best! Put your game in the hands of America's top teachers—championship coaches and athletes, knowledgeable writers. Easy-to-follow Sports Illustrated books combine no-nonsense text with the kind of clear-cut photographs and diagrams that make learning fast. Recommended conditioning programs... competition-tested tactics... secrets, tips and insights from the masters. It's all here and guaranteed to improve your game—or your money back. Pick your sport and see for yourself! Mail coupon today!

Best-selling sport series in world. Order your sport today!

THE DO-IT-THIS-WAY BOOKS FROM
Sports Illustrated

INDICATE QUANTITY

Baseball: Pitching The motion, stance, pump, kick, follow-through • Common errors • Mastering the basic pitches • Setting up the batter

Baseball: Defense UCLA system and zone • How to play • The perfect live throw • How to work the shifts • One-on-one

Fly Fishing: Line, leaders and knots • Learning to cast • Nymph fishing • Strategy on the stream • Dry flies • Basic stream entomology

Football: General Fundamentals • Positions: interior lineman and linemen • Secondary • Team alignments • Developing a coach's talent plan

Football: Quarterback Building strength, ball handling skill • Hand-offs • Fakes • The passes • Play execution • Reading defenses • Using time, field position, weather to your

Golf: The game and the course • Characteristics of woods and irons • Grip, swing, stance • Mastering push and chip shots • Carting your puller

Ice Hockey: Basic rules and equipment • Skating • Learning stick handling • Puck control • The scoring drive: shooting • Defense • Checking • Goal tending

Judo: History • Graps • Throws • Hold-down techniques • Chokes • Armlocks • How to fall • Judo tournaments

Sail Diving and Snorkeling Where to sail • Basic watermanship • How to select all pull-on gear • Surface and diving skills • Rescue • First Aid • Drowning

Small Boat Sailing Language of sailing • How to choose a class • Sailing to windward and leeward • Jibing with a spinnaker • Sailing a plating hull • Sailing out of a capsize

Soccer: Ball skills Kicking: receiving, heading, dribbling, throwing • Kicking • Goal keeping • Team formations • Position play

Tennis: The grip • The strokes Forehand, backhand, volley • Serving • Smart net play • Winning strategy in doubles, singles, mixed doubles

Track: Field Events The events, step-by-step • Long jump to pit • Pole vault • Shot put • Analyzing times • Shot putting timing

Track: Running Events Equipment • Training • Setting goals • Sprinting • Handling • Middle and long distance running • Warm-ups • Weight training

Training with Weights Building neck and shoulders • Arms • Chest • Back • Waist • Legs • Training programs • Sports applications • Equipment

Volleyball: Learning the Basics • Chest pass • The set-up • Underhand pass • The spike, block and serve • Team strategy • Training drills • Rules

PLUS other volumes now available:

Baseball • **Baseball** • **Baseball**

Baseball • **Baseball** • **Baseball**

Baseball • **Baseball** • **Baseball**

Baseball • **Baseball** • **Baseball**

Baseball • **Baseball** • **Baseball**

Baseball • **Baseball** • **Baseball**

Baseball • **Baseball** • **Baseball**

Baseball • **Baseball** • **Baseball**

- Dog Training
- Football: Offense
- Handball
- Horseback Riding
- Powerboating
- Sailing
- Squash
- Swimming and Diving
- Table Tennis

YES Please send me the Sports Illustrated books in quantities indicated at just \$4.95 each. I understand that if not completely satisfied, I will receive refund for any book returned within 10 days.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ books, plus \$0.60 handling and postage. ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY • PO BOX 1777 • PO BOX PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101

810622

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 8-14

PRO FOOTBALL—As the exhibition season continued, deflating champion Oakland was upset by Chicago 20-13 when Randy Brown caught a 60-yard touchdown pass with 1:18 remaining. Dallas' Ed McCaffrey led the Cowboys to a 27-17 victory over the Cowboys. New England's two first-round draft picks, Ray Lewis and Stanley Morgan, scored on punt returns of 88 and 62 yards to lead the Patriots to a 18-13 win of Green Bay. O.J. Simpson, no longer bothered by blurred vision, played just 19 minutes but rushed for 55 yards in nine attempts and had touchdowns of one and 15 yards to pace the Bills to a 17-10 win of Detroit. Ken Anderson was 14 for 17 for 177 yards in the first half of Cincinnati's 45-0 hammering of Tampa Bay. Ron Kumbach, Pat Haden, who took over for starter Joe Namath midway in the second quarter, was 16 for 31 for 75 yards, and led L.A. to a one-score win at the Rams. Denver, Philadelphia 20-3. Richard Todd played the 34th in his first exhibition week, a 11-7 loss of Atlanta. Baltimore's backup quarterback, Mike Kurland, rushed 14 yards for a fourth-quarter touchdown that gave the Colts a 14-7 win over the Houston Oilers. Rick Dennert, who has been trying to make the Vikings good for the last three years, kicked a 30-yard field goal to tie the game to 10-10. Minnesota to a 34-31 victory over Cleveland, Jim Taylor scored five field goals and the Denver defense that cut St. Louis until the fourth period at the Broncos beat the Cardinals 15-7, and Jim Stenrod's third field goal, a 19-yarder with 18 seconds left, gave Kansas City a 33-13 triumph over Philadelphia. Joe Washington scored two touchdowns to lead San Diego 20-11 over San Francisco (page 28), and the Giants led the Saints 22-7.

GOLF—LANNY WADKINS tied the final hole of regulation play to tie Gene Linder at 282, then made an eight-foot put-winning putt on the third hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the PGA Championship at Pebble Beach, Calif. (page 12).

DEBBIE AUSTIN, 38, of Nevada, N.Y., sank a 15-foot putt on the first hole for a record 17 and a 229 total to win the \$100,000 Long Island Cherry Club in Haverstraw, N.Y. In two strokes, it was her fourth victory this season, after having won twice at the same spot. Kathy Whitworth and Nancy Lopez, who has won in second in her first three pro starts, were tied at 281.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE WALTERS
BRIDGE, N.J.

A 17-year-old Princeton Day School senior, Mike earned MVP and all-state honors in baseball (with a 0.30 ERA) and soccer (31 points) and captained the basketball team as the Panthers took all three Class B state prep championships.



DEBBIE JAMGOCHIAN
NEW YORK CITY

Jamgochian, 22, added the Massachusetts women's golf championship to her New England 10-hole, defeating defender Jenne-Marie Boylan 3 and 1 at the Belmont Country Club. She is the third woman to hold both titles simultaneously.



LAURA KIRKHAM
CENTREVILLE, OHIO

Jumping 14' 1/2", Laura, 10, won the U.S. Track and Field Federation national 10- and 11-year-old long-jump championships. The fifth grader at Inception School also was second in the 100-meter dash (14.29) and third in the 200 (29.42).



LARRY MARTIN
POUNDRIDGE, FLA.

Martin, 34, a charter boat mate, needed only 1 hour and 20 minutes to boat a 1,282-pound Atlantic blue marlin on 135-pound line off St. Thomas, V.I. The fish, known locally as Big Daddy, weighed 140 pounds more than the all-fish world record.



GARY BRUNER
PAID DEBERT, CALIF.

A junior at Idaho High School, Gary broke the U.S. decathlon record for 16-year-olds by scoring 6,334 points at the National Junior AAU meet in Knoxville, Tenn. The old record of 6,262 points was set by Dixon Farmer in 1957.



JOHN CHAPPLE
ALBANY, CALIF.

Six-year-old John became the youngest to win a Northern California Tennis Association championship when, playing in the 10-and-under division, he defeated 10-year-old Colin King 6-1 in the Davis-Dixon tournament in Utah.

BETH DANIEL, 23, won the U.S. Women's Amateur for the second time, beating Carly Sherk three and one at the Cranston Country Club.

HARNES RACING—GOVERNOR SKIPPER (54.8), driven by John Chapman, roared out Nat Lobel in the \$120,452 Adlon Stakes at The Meadows in Maryland. See (page 66).

HORSE RACING—Calumet Farm took two \$100,000 events on the same afternoon, something it has not done since its heyday 19 years ago. Its 2-year-old ALYDAR (\$1,201, median by Eddie Maple, won the six-furlong Stakes at Monmouth Park by 2 1/2 lengths over Neon Time. Synchrony in 1:07), and its 3-year-old GUR MUMS (\$1,040, Jorge Velazquez up, triumphed in the 10-mile Alabama Stakes at Saratoga, beating Sensational by a neck in 2:03.

MOTOR SPORTS—ALAN JONES of Australia averaged 121.020 mph in his Shadow over the 54 laps of the Osterreichers in the Austrian Grand Prix and his first Formula 1 victory. Mike Ensign was second and now leads the world standings by 16 points.

SHOOTING—U.S. Army National Guard Pfc. MARK STIDWORTHY of Prescott, Ariz. became the first woman in 22 years and the second in history to win the NRA amateur prone rifle championship, at Camp Perry, Ohio. She finished with 638 of a possible 640 points and defeated nearly 500 of the country's best 22-caliber target shooters, including two-time Olympic gold-medalist winner Arnie Major. LONNIE WIGGERS Jr. of Columbus, Ga., who won his 10th amateur position title.

SOCCER—In the first round of the playoffs, Peck scored two goals and Steve Hunt had three assists as the Coconino eliminated Tampa Bay 3-0. Seattle's Tonyo Uri had a goal and an assist as the Sounders beat Oreg. 3-1. Vancouver, 2-0. The Atlanta Braves beat the Los Angeles San Jose game in the 35-minute mark, and Andre Metcalfe scored at 32:28 to give L.A. a 2-1 win. Rochester, 1-0. In the road during the season, traveled to St. Louis and downed the Stars 1-0. In the first matches of the two-game second round, Rochester beat Toronto and won 1-0; the Coconino beat Fort Lauderdale in 3-0. In the Meadowlands, the Sounders beat the Kicks 2-1 in Minneapolis, and the Arrows took the west out of the Dallas Toros 3-1 in Los Angeles. Ron Newton, whose Fort Lauderdale Strikers lost the league record (19) for most victories in a season, was named Coach of the Year.

TENNIS—WTT The last week of regular-season play saw New York's Billie Jean King change her serve and and Martina Navratilova's winning streak at 17 with a 6-4 victory. Tim King and Virginia Wade handed Navratilova and King. Steffi Graf's third doubles loss of the season, 7-6, but the Lobsters won the match 10-34 to secure first place in the East. Phoenix: 3-0 for the week, locked up the top spot in the West. With Chris Evert playing just one singles match—the best Kerry Reid 6-1—the Racquets defeated San Diego 29-17. Tim Laker scored a 7-6 tie-breaker victory over Ryan Berg to lead the second-place Golden Glens over Cleveland 20-26. But there was no room for the Nets who qualified for the playoffs with a 10-9 victory over the Soviets.

MANUEL GRANTES defeated Jimmy Connors 4-1, 6-3 to take his third U.S. Open Cup. Chris Evert in Indianapolis. LAURA DUPONT beat Nancy Richey 4-6, 6-3 to win the women's championship.

TRACK & FIELD—KARIN ROSSLEY of East Germany won the 400-meter hurdles in a women's world-record 53.63 at the European cup meet in Helsinki. The old mark of 55.74 was set by Tatjana Sazonova of the U.S.S.R. at June. German star ROSEMARIE ACKERMANN of East Germany bettered her world high-jump record by one centimeter of an inch, clearing 6' 5 1/2".

VOLLEYBALL—Phoenix claimed out of the IFA effort for the first time by beating Denver and Orange County, the Continental and Western Division champions, but the first winners are the only clubs in the American league with winning records, 18-0 and 17-12 respectively.

HILFPOSTS—REJECTED BY THE NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE, a proposed expansion that would have included San World Hockey Association franchises.

DIED BOBBY ISAAC, 41, of a heart attack brought on by heat exhaustion during an auto race at Hickory, N.C. Isaac had won 37 Grand National events during his 14-year career and was 1970 NASCAR champion.

CREDITS

Cover photograph by Al Satterwhite—Camera 8; 6—Drawing by SOW 12-13; Bill Ropke 16-18; Al Satterwhite—Camera 8; 20-22: John Larson, 20; Rick Carlson 22—Dick Rappart 24—Glenzo Pavesi 24; 24—Richard Miesler 24—Peggy Miller 24; 24—Manny Maffei 24—photographic illustration by Anthony Gove from photograph by Jay-Rock Clark 24; 24—Lene Stewart 24—George Long 24; 24—Rock Clark 24—David Martell 24; Roger Talley 24; Daily News

BIRD CALLS

Sir,

Thanks for the fine article by Larry Keith on the Baltimore Orioles (*Revival and Survival*, Aug. 8). And an extra thanks for keeping them off your cover, which has been known to jinx many a pennant contender.

BRUCE LANCASTER
Baton Rouge

Sir,

Thank you, Mr. Keith. It is about time the talent of Earl Weaver was appreciated. Now maybe the front office can work a deal to bring back Frank Robinson as a player.

JAY TURNER
Santa Ana, Calif.

Sir,

The Orioles and Yankees are battling for second place because the Red Sox are going all the way.

KARL HEDRUND
Beaverton, Ore.

Sir,

Baltimore lacks the potent offense of the Red Sox and Yankees. By the end of the season they should end up third, behind second-place New York and first-place Boston.

BILL ROCHE
Dedham, Mass.

Sir,

"Billy [Martin] is going to be fired at the end of the year no matter what he does or how well the team plays."

This is very distressing, especially for a Yankee fan. The firing of the best manager in baseball would be the worst mistake Gabe Paul and George Steinbrenner could make.

DOT HORNER
Manasquan, N.J.

Sir,

If the Orioles win the division, maybe Steinbrenner will finally learn his lesson, buying free agents does not a pennant make.

MARK MACHAKIAN
Brook, N.Y.

Sir,

My nomination for Rookie of the Year is Eddie Murray, the biggest Yankee killer since General Robert E. Lee.

JIM OWEN
Madison, Wis.

BILL DUE

Sir,

How can you have the gall in your Aug. 8 issue to name as Player of the Week someone other than Bill Robinson? As you well know, Robinson had four home runs, two of them grand slams. He also had 13 RBIs. Many players do not have two grand slams in their career, let alone two in three days. Granted,

Jim Barr pitched two shutouts in the week, but Robinson's achievement is truly remarkable. I am deeply disappointed and trust you will choose more carefully in the future.

KEN STRINGERT
Pittsburgh

Sir,

Jim Barr's two shutouts were impressive, but he had nowhere near the work, nor the season, that Bill Robinson has had. Robinson's underrated clutch play has gone unnoticed all season, and that's too long.

RICHARD DALRYMPLE
Pittsburgh

• For a very early notice of Robinson, see SI, April 25.—ED

Sir,

I believe Bob Dunn was guilty of a shocking omission in his article *A Bargain, and Bye-Bye Basement* (Aug. 8). Ellis Valentine's "gun" may be in a class with the "legendary arms" of Clemente and Furillo—but, gentlemen, Rocky Colavito's arm was in a class by itself.

EARL W. DUGANAN
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

• Maybe, but Rocky took forever loading up.—ED

MILLER'S HIGH LIFE

Sir,

Hi, I'm Mark Miller and I don't smoke. But I still enjoy tobacco, with Copenhagen and sunflower seeds. Yeah, just a few pinches of Copenhagen between ma cheek and gum and a handful of seeds in ma cheeks and I'm all set. I look like a cross between Walt Garrison and a chipmunk but it keeps me alert while counting salmon and watching for grizzly bears. Sets up a right nice rhythm and I can enjoy it anytime. Spit and chew, spit and chew! Only problem is I can't spit through my mosquito head net like Johnny Bench can through his catcher's mask. "Pawcoey!" Happy chews!

• World-famous fish counter.

MARK MILLER
Cordova, Alaska

EARLY LINE

Sir,

Can you please tell me the magic number for the Los Angeles Dodgers?

SCOTT W. BERRY
Jennon, Mich.

• As of Sunday night, 34.—ED

MO-PED SPOKESMEN

Sir,

Having recently spilled off my Honda 350,

your article *Driven by Mo-Ped Madness* (Aug. 8) hit me, you might say, where it hurts. The accompanying photographs, showing many mo-ped riders in shorts and one without a shirt, made me doubly thankful that I was wearing Levi's and a shirt when I fell.

As for Commissioner Aldeef's statement that mo-peds are not able to reach speeds that are "suicidal," 30 mph may not be suicidal, but I will be feeling my 30-mph, fully clothed fall for quite a while. I wonder how the young man in the photograph standing on his mo-ped would feel after falling at 30 mph without a helmet?

JOHN DAVLANES
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Sir,

You brought out all the good points about the mo-ped phenomenon, but what about the bad ones? In our town there have already been two deaths and one injury.

ROSS LEVINSON
Tenafly, N.J.

CHALK ONE UP

Sir,

Your story on pool hustling (*Easy Times the Hard Way*, Aug. 8) was excellent. It's nice to know the inside truths of the life of a pool hustler.

JIM THORNER
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Sir,

Although I am now teaching at Bishop Amat High School in La Puente, Calif., I did at one time tend bar in Phoenix. While there, I had many occasions to observe the "Donny D" on a daily basis.

I would like to congratulate Barry McDermott for his excellent, heartwarming "behind-the-scenes" article on Danny Diliberto.

ROBERT PARSONS
Upland, Calif.

SHOOTING STAR

Sir,

Immediately after reading about Elgin Gates (*If You Call Him Old Folks, Be Prepared to Duck*, Aug. 8), I made plans to skip down to Vandala, Ohio to watch him take on the trapshooting elite of the U.S. armed forces.

After that, I am going to Omaha to see the 145 stuffed heads and other pieces of animals this man collected.

Then I'll come back home and wait for your next article on saving gazelles or whales or eagles and try to figure out SI's editorial policy toward wildlife in general and endangered species in particular.

RICHARD S. WELLS
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Elgin Gates is certainly to be congratulated for his records in outboard motorboat racing and snaphooting, but anybody who would roam the world, trophy hunting—while others roam it trying to save species—can only be classified as someone with an overinflated ego.

RICHARD EVANS
Kauai, Hawaii

Sir:

I was extremely pleased to see SI finally carry an article on one of the shooting sports.

THOMAS J. EARDLEY
Wyoming, Mich.

KNOCKOUT

Sir:

Thank you, Pat Purnam and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I've never read a better article than Purnam's *A Star Bows Out, A Star Bows In* (Aug. 8). It is the work of a true pro.

MITCH BEYER
Milwaukee

Sir:

Congratulations on a fine article on an outstanding fighter. I just hope Carlos Monzon has the common sense to quit before he becomes another Muhammad Ali.

VAL RUOFF
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Monzon the Magnificent would have been Monzon the Mummified had he been around during the Golden Age of middleweights. There is no doubt that Zale, Graziano, Sugar Ray and La Motta would have put him away. Hammerin' Henry Armstrong, too. Fortunately for Carlos, the only stars he saw at that time were the paper ones he was making in kindergarten.

EMIL J. SMITH
Camden, N.J.

Sir:

While I agree that Carlos Monzon is one of the greatest fighters of all time, he hasn't won 83 fights in a row as you say on the cover of the Aug. 8 issue. He has had 74 victories and nine draws, and considering that the majority of his draws occurred in his native Argentina, it's likely that he really lost a few of those fights (the first Bennie Briscoe bout in 1967 in particular).

NEIL TERENS
JACK OBERMAYER
Brooklyn

NO. 9 WAS FINE

Sir:

The day I received my copy of SI containing Glenn Braverman's letter pointing out that the day he received his copy of SI with Ted Williams on the cover, Carl Yastrzemski passed Williams on the all-time Red Sox hit list, our house guests from Stamford, Conn. arrived for the weekend.

Neither the arrival of house guests from Stamford nor the number of hits that Carl Yastrzemski has has any bearing on the fact

continued



THE NEW STATUS SYMBOL

What's funny is that we started out challenging the conventional Status Symbol in 35mm SLR photography. The big, heavy, noisy SLR. It never occurred to us that we, in turn, would become the new Status Symbol.

The idea behind the Olympus OM-1 was simple. To design a camera that was 33 1/3% smaller, lighter and quieter than conventional cameras, yet rugged and dependable. And a bigger viewfinder, so you could see more. And a complete system with almost every accessory an amateur or professional would need.

The reaction from the experts was tremendous. But the professional photographers couldn't believe a camera so small and light could be as rugged and dependable as we said. So they put it through every kind of

test. When they were finally satisfied—the amateurs soon found out. Some of them, really amateurs, discovered they could get wonderful pictures immediately and a new Symbol was born. Even today, we've barely caught up with the worldwide demand for OM-1's.

While competition was losing sleep studying the OM-1—our engineers developed an even more incredible OM-2, with an automatic exposure system so sensitive it measures light during the actual exposure!

If you really want to know the truth under the glitter of a Status Symbol, check out our

reputation. Talk to an owner. Then see an Olympus dealer.

OLYMPUS
the experts call it "incredible."



"I've been wearing Riddells since I was a kid."



Like most old pros, Frank Gifford grew up with Riddell football shoes on his feet and a Riddell Helmet on his head. Now, as a popular TV sports commentator, Frank is still doing his footwork in Riddells. Jogging, ball-playing or just relaxing, Frank wears our casual training or turf shoes that are made with the same quality craftsmanship as our famous professional football shoes. Right on...at finer shops and sporting goods stores.

SOCCER STAR Specially designed with soccer cleat configuration. Black top grain leather upper with white "Snug-Lite" look. Padded tongue & ankle collar. European style high back extension. Red lining. Durable polyurethane/P.V.C. combination sole.



Riddell® Right On

WITH FRANK GIFFORD

Riddell, Inc.,
Suite 250, 1001 E. Touhy,
Des Plaines, IL 60018

Changing Your Address?

If you're about to make a move, here's how to insure that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** gets there as soon as you do!

1. Let us know 4 weeks in advance
2. Attach the address label on the cover of one of your subscription copies to this coupon (that will guarantee speed and accuracy)
3. Fill in your new address below
4. Mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611

For even faster service on this or other matters concerning your subscription—billing, renewal, complaints, additional subscriptions—call toll-free: **800-621-8200** (in Illinois 800-972-8302)

To order **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** check box: ☐ new ☐ renewal

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

APT. NO. _____

Subscription price in the U.S., Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$20 a year. Delivery personnel anywhere in the world: \$17.50. All others, \$24 a year.

19TH HOLE continued

that Ted Williams is one of the best hitters, if not the best, to have played professional baseball.

If Mr. Braverman is implying that Carl Yastrzemski is a better hitter than Ted Williams, then Mr. Braverman is either very young, myopic, uninformed or two or more of the preceding.

KENNETH D. ANDERSON
Concord, Maine

JACK BACKER

Sir:

Ben Wright's article *A New Reign in Spain* (Aug. 8) was indeed refreshing. One hopes these youngsters and their "grandfather" (Gallardo) will frequent the American tour more often.

But I venture to say that the "rocking and blocking" swing of Jack Nicklaus will continue to dominate the world's golfing scene for many years to come.

SCOTT LEWELLYN
Columbus, Ohio

DEL MARRED

Sir:

Your next to last paragraph (SCORECARD, Aug. 8) "the sun set peevily over the Pacific, out beyond the first turn." The first turn, or clubhouse turn, is on the east end of the track (facing counterclockwise). The far turn, the last turn before hitting the stretch is on the west end of Del Mar. The sun rises in the east and sets in the west, doesn't it? The story was untrue, but your orientation is off by 180°.

STEVE McNURLIN
Torrance, Calif.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Sir:

In your issue of Aug. 8 (SABRUSAMU) there was mention of Audrey Scruggs, the pitcher in the Braves system who throws left-handed and right-handed.

I have tried to imagine for a long time what would happen if he were to face a switch-hitter. Boggles the mind.

JIM WARNER
Buffalo

■ Rule 9.01 (c) would allow the umpire to make the pitcher designate which side he intends to pitch from and continue this way until the batter has been retired.—ED

BYE, BYE, CHI

Sir:

A few weeks ago you featured the Chicago Cubs. Now they are seven games behind Philadelphia. I love the Yankees. Please don't write about them.

AMY DODD
Hicksville, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.



Monza Coupe.



Monza 2+2 Hatchback.

Get a little road magic.

You have a choice. Chevy Monza Coupe or 2+2 Hatchback. Two different looks, one simple fact: Monzas are for people who know that driving is still America's greatest outdoor sport.

Whether you're a gymkhana expert or a long-distance commuter, Monza available equipment includes everything you need for the kind of performance you want: 5.0-litre, 2-bbl. V8, Chevy F41 sport suspension with rear stabilizer, aluminum wheels, four-speed stick or Turbo Hydra-matic, full center console, sport steering wheel, sport equipment and sport front end—and a lot more.

You've waited long enough for a little road magic. Now you can have it, straight from your Chevy dealer. Monza Coupe or Monza 2+2. Your choice.

The **MONZAS**  by Chevrolet.

NEW KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Only 9 mg. "tar" in both sizes.

And KOOL's refreshing coolness, too.

At last, a low "tar" menthol cigarette with satisfying taste.



KINGS

LONGS

mg. 'tar'
in both sizes.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1991 KOOL

9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.